

C O N R A D E;

OR,

THE GAMESTERS.

A Novel,

FOUNDED ON FACTS

IN TWO VOLUMES

BY

CAROLINE MATILDA WARREN.

There is no power on earth, nor will pierce thee to the heart,
A keener steel at best than this sharp sword,
Which its sharpest point has peace bleed, and hope expires
NIGHT THOUGHTS.

VOL II

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C O N R A D E.

CHAP. I.

An honest man's the noblest work of God.

POPE.

IN this state of insensibility Amelia was hurried away, the unsuspecting and insensible victim of the merciless Evander. They drove with all the speed the darkness would permit, and long ere the morning blushed in the orient, they alighted at an inn in one of the adjacent towns, kept by one of
VOI. II B that

that pliant class of people who can see no criminality in any action, provided it adds to the heaviness of their purse.

Evander had observed Robert depositing his letter in the morning, and immediately examined it. Being thus apprized of their plan, he forged a reply in Amelia's name, requesting him to appear at twelve, instead of eleven at night, and then employed a trusty servant to repair to the place of rendezvous, and carry her whither he should direct him.

When Amelia revived, she was on a sofa, in a strange place, with strange attendants about her. She considered it all as a dream, till Evander entered, and convinced her that it was reality. She started from the sofa in the frenzy of desperation, and was quitting the room. Evander seized, and forcibly detained her.

‘ Let ’

“Let me go, traitor,” said Amelia, almost frantic. “Robert, Robert—oh, where are you!—where have you conducted me!”

“You needn’t fling out no hints about this house, ma’am,” said a little fat old woman, who, by her important demeanour, appeared to be the mistress of the house; “we are *honourable* folks here, as this gentleman, your husband, knows, for he’s been here manys a times.”

“Oh, he is not my husband!” exclaimed Amelia; “he is not—he never will be!”

Evander interrupted her, and swore she was his wife.

“It’s a pity,” resumed the landlady, “that husbands and’ wives can’t agree no better; but then when they quarrel, they always make it up again, for a man and his wife are one, as a body may say.”

“Are you a woman?” said Amelia, “and will you suffer one of your own sex to be thus insulted, thus forcibly detained, in your house?”

“Why, I don’t see as how, as if he’s your husband, but that he’s a right to do as he’s a mind to; howzever, I don’t want to have no *violence* used in my house.”

“For God’s sake,” exclaimed Amelia, “command the traitor to desist; he is not, he never shall be my husband.”

The old woman precipitately left the room, and Ebbert began to treat Amelia with brutality. She shrieked for assistance, and an honest son of Neptune rushed into the room, exclaiming—“Avast hauling, shipmate—avast hauling, or I’ll batter your hulk for ye, you *fire-ship*!”

“Who the devil are you?” exclaimed
Ebbert,

Ebbert, furiously, quitting his hold of Amelia, and striding^u up to him with fierceness, “who the devil are you?”

“I am honest Tom Tarpaulin, one of Neptune’s jolly blades, as clever a lad as ever stept between stem and stern. But who are you, Sir, and what have you to do with that lady?” brandishing a stately club, that made the astonished Ebbert retreat back several paces.

“I am a gentleman,” replied he; “and ———”

“A gentleman!” interrupted the honest tar—“a gentleman! Was you ever at Bombay?”

“No, you numskull,” replied Ebbert, furiously.

“Madras neither?—rolling down, past St. Helena, homeward-bound, my boy—there’s for ye.”

“This is insufferable,” said Ebbert, “to be thus insolently insulted. Sirrah, quit the room instantly.”

“Batter my hulk if I do! What! see such a fine-rigged vessel boarded by such a man of war as you, and not give the enemy chase!”

“Do you know whom you are insulting? Do you know I am a gentleman, unused to bear the insults of——”

“Blast me, my honey,” with a shrug, “do you know who I *are*?—honest Tom Tarpaulin, just arrived from a voyage round north-west, in the good ship Driver, Captain Fearnought, and now *steering* home in the country, to tie the *grand reef* with Peggy, to sail ~~one~~ voyage in the ship Matimony, and then ‘out again to sea, Sir.’ That’s Tom Tarpaulin’s plan, ship-mate

He then placed himself immediately before Amelia, who sat, silently looking up to Heaven, the picture of Resignation and Hope.

“Now, shipmate, sheer off,” continued the friendly sailor; “keep well to the leeward, or I’ll lay your vessel on her beam-ends, and tear your rigging, fore and aft, like a *harry-cane*. Keep off, or I’ll send you to old Davy, with a salt eel for your supper.”

Ebbert in vain attempted to approach Amelia. Honest Tarpaulin kept waving his friendly club fore and aft, exclaiming—“Some Peggy or Jenny, I dares to say, that you’ve been stealing away from her sweetheart; but, by all the powers of the sea, you shan’t have her—so ’bout ship and sheer off, or douse your colours, you fresh-water lobster. What would honest

Tom Tarpaulin say, if a brother tar wouldn't defend his Peggy from the broadside of a land lubber?—'Do as you would be done by,' says our Chaplain one day: may I be soused in fresh water if I forget it. Besides, shipmate, its in that great book there, the History of the Voyage of Time in the great Ocean, Eternity, our Chaplain said so."

Ebbert finding resistance would be vain, with a look of diabolical fury in his countenance, quitted the room.

Tarpaulin turned round to Amelia.—
"Now, my sweet duck," said he, "you see the enemy are sheered off; shall we give him chase, or about ship and steer home?"

Amelia, after several efforts, at length made the friendly sailor comprehend her story.

Here

Here was a sad dilemma ; to leave her, was to expose her to new insults ; to stay and guard her, would be beneficial to neither ; to conduct her home, would be steering directly from the port where he was to obtain the grand reef with his Peggy.

Amelia, too, feared to return to the home she had so unwarily left ; she knew not whether it would afford her an asylum from the persecutions of Evander.

“ I’ll tell you how it is, shipmate,” resumed Tarpaulin. “ Just over yonder is Peggy’s—there you’ll find a warm cabin, and a clean bunk ; and there I’ll moor you safe, while I ’bout ship, and steer to your father’s.”

Amelia was deeply penetrated with gratitude for the friendly offer. She drew her purse from her pocket, and was about to offer a reward for his kindness.

“Don’t open the locker,” resumed he; “Tom Tarpaulin has done no more than every son of Neptune should. He don’t want any of your shiners—he’s a purse of ’em as long and as heavy: but if it was as long as a cable, every shiner should go, before he’d suffer such a beautiful prize to be carried off by that dirty land lubber, who was never out of sight of land in his life. But what say, shipmate—will you go to Peggy’s? You’ll find a tight vessel, good sea-room, and a plenty of roast beef in the locker.”

Evander, who had listened to their conversation, now stepped in, and attempted to interfere.

“Miss Stanhope,” said he, “will you suffer yourself to be carried off by that insolent sailor? You know not who he is, or whither he will carry you.”

“Any

"Any where," replied Amelia, "is preferable to your company."

"But, by Heaven, this insolent puppy shall not carry you off."

"But, by every point of the compass," replied Tarpaulin, "I will, if she'll go, Peggy's folks are honest folks; and Peggy is as pretty a ship as ever was launched, rigged complete from stem to stern."

The voluble landlady too, observing that the sailor was likely to gain the victory, immediately veered round, like some very well-meaning patriots, and joined ~~the~~ *strongest party*.

"I wonder," said she, "Mr., how you came to deceive me so! You told me the lady was your wife, or you shouldn't have brung her here to bring disgrace on my house. You'll ruin my *reputation* for ever, if I let such *dishonourable fellows* as you

come here, and bring young ladies that run away from their homes."

Evander finding himself alone, without an ally, was obliged at length to retreat, and leave Amelia in the quiet possession of honest Tom Tarpaulin.

It was now^e morning. , The rising sun shone on Amelia, a wanderer, an exile, going she knew not whither. Her friendly protector soon procured a chaise, and Amelia, conceiving that she had nothing to lose, accepted his generous offer. As she stepped into the chaise, she could discern, at a distance, the hills and woodlands of her native village.

Some natural tears she drop'd, but wip'd them soon.
The world was all before her, where to choose
Her place of rest, and Providence her guide.*

* PARADISE LOST.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure,
Nor grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annal of the poor.

GRAY.

A FEW hours' ride brought the travellers to the cottage of Peggy's father. Amelia had now reason to rejoice that she had accepted the generous invitation. The cottage was plain, but commodious, and every where perfectly clean. Industry and competence was marked on every object; neatness

neatness and order were every where^d apparent. Tarpaulin was received with transport—the tear of genuine sensibility trembled in the eye of his Peggy; and when the ingenuous sailor had, in his own manner, made them acquainted with the story of Amelia, the cottagers welcomed her in the style of real hospitality.

Peggy's father was an honest, well-meaning, industrious labourer, endowed with a competent share of solid understanding, with but a small proportion of the ~~polish~~ polish of learning. He was like an unpolished marble, containing all the inherent qualities, while the chissel of the sculptor and the artist have never been employed to bring into view its hidden veins and rich variety of tints.

• Peggy was the eldest of six promising children, whose mother had died at the birth

birth of the youngest. She was about eighteen, tall and genteelly built; her features were regular and beautiful; in her countenance was an expression of ingenuousness, and her eyes beamed benevolence.

The neatness and order, not only of the house, but every article of furniture; the decent and mannerly deportment of her younger brothers and sisters, were the best encomiums of her industry. Such was the family of Wilson. Peace, harmony, and contentment, were their constant companions; and happy in themselves, they beheld their more wealthy neighbours rolling by in their carriages, without even a sigh of discontent.

In this happy family Amelia was received with native hospitality, and every delicate attention was bestowed to cheer
her

her drooping spirits and revive her health, for the fatigue and confusion of the night were more than her delicate frame could support. She had now an opportunity to behold, in Tarpaulin and his Peggy, an attachment as pure and tender as that which she once imagined to exist between Conrade and herself.

The day was spent in congratulations and rejoicings; the return of their long-expected Tarpaulin diffused universal gladness. With true sailor-like generosity, his long purse was flung into Peggy's lap; and his treasure of ribbands and foreign finery was more than the little cottagers had ever thought of possessing.

Amelia almost regretted that she had ever cultivated the faculties of the mind, since, without knowledge, she found that people could be happy, and the refinements

ments of her education had served only to barb the arrows of affliction.

The ensuing morning was fixed on for Tarpaulin's journey to her father's, and Amelia wrote to her parents a faithful account of her extraordinary adventure, without mentioning where she was, for she was determined never to return to be the wife of Evander. Evening arrived, and she retired early, but sleep was a stranger whose acquaintance she courted in vain. When she reflected on the former kindness of her parents, and the anxiety they must, ~~ere~~ this, have suffered on her account, her heart yearned to embrace them; and deeply did she regret her rash elopement.

Soon as the morning dawned, Tarpaulin was equipped, ready to set sail, as he termed it; and having received his orders
of

of Amelia, he set out with a heart full of glee, singing, in a sonorous voice—

What girl but loves the merry tar?

We o'er the ocean roam ;

In every clime we find a port,

In every port a home.

CHAP. III.

Though in souls where taste and sense abound,
Pain through a thousand avenues can wound ;
Yet the same avenues are open still
To casual blessings as to casual ill ;
Nor is the trembling temper more awake
To every wound that misery can make,
Than is the finely finish'd nerve alive
To every transport pleasure has to give.

MORE'S SENSIBILITY.

It is now necessary to return to the family of Stanhope. Great indeed was their consternation when, on entering the chamber of Amelia in the morning, they found it

it without an occupant. | Rage and grief by turns took possession of their breasts. Robert, too, was astonished ; he had waited for her an hour beyond the time appointed, and then retired, supposing that she had abandoned her design. When therefore, he became acquainted with her actual elopement, his astonishment was visibly depicted on his countenance. Lorenzo, noticing his emotion, perceived the cause and he was easily persuaded to disclose the plan of her intended escape. This only made " confusion worse confounded"—That she should engage to go off with Robert, fail of her appointment, and still be missing, was a mystery they could not unravel. Robert perceived the note he had received, appointing the hour of his appearance ; and Lorenzo instantly recognized the same hand with the anonymous letter,

letter, which had shaken their confidence in Conrade's fidelity. The letter was found among Amelia's papers, and compared; the hand-writing was too similar to have been written by different persons.

To complete their confusion, Evander did not appear. The farce of duplicity which he had been playing, now began to unfold itself, and the only rational conjecture was the true one—that Evander was the framer of all the calumnies which had been circulated to the prejudice of Conrade; that he was the author of the anonymous letter; that by some means he had become acquainted with her plan of elopement, had written the letter to Robert, that he might have an opportunity to carry her off himself. Pursuers were immediately dispatched in different routes, but with little hope of success. A day was spent in fruitless

less enquiries: neither Eylander nor Amelia could be heard of.

While affairs were thus circumstanced, Conrad was flying on the wings of affection to meet his Amelia. About the time that his uncle and cousins arrived in Philadelphia, he received Amelia's letter, and was amazed at its contents, till he heard from his uncle an epitome of the tales which calumny had invented concerning him. Impatient to confound his calumniators, and almost distracted with the thought of losing Amelia, he bade a hasty adieu to his friends, and proceeded on his journey with all possible dispatch.

Just at this interesting crisis he arrived; and those who have felt what it is to love to adoration, and to be distracted with the thought of losing for ever all they hold dear on earth, can alone judge of his feelings.

ings. He had taken the precaution to procure affidavits of his moral character, from such authorities in Philadelphia, as convinced Stanhope that his credulous ear had been the cause of his present misfortune. Fatigued as he was with his hasty journey, Conrade immediately ordered his horse, and resolved to set off, like Telemachus in search of Ulysses.

While Stanhope was instructing him, should his search prove successful, to assure Amelia of kind treatment, in rushed Tom Tarpaulin, exclaiming, in a voice as loud as a man of war's boatswain—"Holloa, holloa, shipmates, *all hands upon deck*!—who wants to hear from Jenny?"

His astonished auditors looked at each other and at him with amazement. Tarpaulin stepped up to Stanhope, and continued—"Here, *Admiral*, are Tom Tarpaulin's

paulin's *dispatches*," presenting Amelia's letter.

"Heaven bless you, my good friend, exclaimed Stanhope, "this is my child's hand."

"Yes," resumed Tarpaulin, "Jenny wrote it herself, and honest Tom *hoisted his sails, and scudded before the wind* to bring it; and here it is, shipmate, as '*clean as a new cable*.'"

Stanhope broke the seal with impatience, and read with emotion.

"Mr. Tarpaulin," said he, when he had finished the letter, "that, I presume, is your name?"

"Yes, Admiral, I am honest Tom Tarpaulin, as brave a lad as ever plow'd the ocean."

"You have my hand and heart," resumed Stanhope, taking him by the hand; and

and turning to Mrs. Stanhope—"My dear, we must look upon Mr. Tarpaulin as the ~~preserver~~ of our child. But tell me, my good friend, where is she?"

"May I never see fair weather again, if I tell; may the next ship I sail in be *wrecked on the shoals of Nantucket*, if I tell where Jenny is, unless you swear, by all the powers of the ocean, that that *Tom leal of a fellow* shall never tie the *grand reef* with her."

The promise was as readily given on one part, as joyfully-accepted on the other.

"Now," continued the ingenious tar, "I'll tell you where Jenny is: she's to Peggy's, *well moored in safe harbour*, in a *tight vessel*, and a *clean cabin*."

"Conduct me to her, my friend," said Conrade, "you shall not be unrewarded."

“Reward, shipmate! Tom Tarpaulin don’t do a good action for *reward*—that would spoil all the fun. Besides, you know *Jenny* is as pretty a ship almost as my *Peggy*; and do you think an honest son of Neptune would see a dirty land lubber run ‘foul’ of such a *prize*? No—Tom Tarpaulin knew better; in he bolted, and gave the enemy such a *broadside*, as soon made him *douse* his *peak*, and *sheer off* under a reef’d topsail, my boy.”

Conrad prepared immediately to accompany the friendly sailor to *Peggy*’s.

“Yes, my boy,” said he, “I’ll pilot you into port. Now, look ye, messmates, *all hands ahoy*!—now Tom Tarpaulin’s happy—now he ‘don’t envy the merriest lad that ever sailed round north-west; for, messmates, Tom Tarpaulin’s heart beats
higher

higher when he's done a benevolent action, than if he'd *kill'd a shark, or caught a dolphin.*"

Conrade chid the tardiness of the time that brought him to his Amelia. His loquacious conductor entertained him on the road with a description of his Peggy and her family; and Conrade, though he smiled at his simplicity, could not but admire his disinterested generosity and warm benevolence. These were qualities of his heart; and under whatever form they were exhibited, were worthy of admiration.

The carriage at length stopped at the door of the cottage. Conrade's heart bounded with expectation as he stepped over the threshold; in a moment he found himself in the presence of his Amelia. They rushed to each other's arms, and those who

have felt the keen rapture of a safe return, can only imagine the feelings of two fond hearts, glowing with undivided affection. Amelia soon recollected herself, and coldly withdrew her hand.

“What does this mean?” exclaimed he. “Oh, my Amelia, when I bring you an undivided heart, why do you deny me your hand? I come, Amelia, personally to offer an explanation; the contents of your letter amazed me.”

An *eclaircissement* took place, and Amelia found her Conrade unaltered. With her usual ingenuousness she held out her hand, assuring him, that with it she gave an heart undivided. He seized it with rapture, pressed it to his lips, and his eyes spoke the silent language of his soul.

“Now that’s good!” exclaimed honest
Tarpaulin;

Tarpaulin ; “ that sits better on Tom Tarpaulin’s stomach, than the best can of grog that ever he drank Peggy’s health in, on a Saturday night.”

Amelia, after considerable persuasion, made her friendly entertainers accept of a few trifling presents, and Conrade enquired how he should reward her generous protector ?

“ Let me kiss Jenny once,” said he, “ that’s reward enough for Tom Tarpaulin.”

The ludicrous reward was bestowed ; and Amelia, after receiving the promise of an early visit from Peggy, and assuring her that she should never forget her kindness, bade an affectionate adieu to the cottagers, to whom she had become really attached.

Pleasure and pain were combined in her emotions, as she drew near her paternal roof. Conrade, with soothing tenderness,

cheered her desponding spirits, by representing, in lively colours, the joy of her parents, on seeing her return.

We must pass over in silence the scene of their interview. Parental and filial affection were expressed in that dumb eloquence, which mocks description. Critics have laboured much to demonstrate the impropriety of tears of joy, and have considered the *sigh of rapture* as contrary to the order of nature. But tell me,

“Ye whom the speaking tear surprises, if

When nothing meets your eye but scenes of bliss,”

from what source does this “speaking tear” proceed?—Having restored Amelia to the arms of her parents, Conrade bowed respectfully to Stanhope—

“Now, my dear Sir,” said he, “if my vindication of myself has been satisfactory,
may

may I still presume to hope, that you will part with this inestimable gem, so recently restored to your possession?"

"To you," replied Stanhope, "an apology is due. I have been too precipitate in affixing a stigma to your character, which I now find was as undeserved as disgraceful."

"No apologies," interrupted Anderson, "I will hear none; permit me once more to call you my father, and I am happy."

"My son, my son," said Stanhope, pressing him to his bosom, while a tear trembled in his eye, "you are worthy of the title; henceforth Conrade and Amelia are both my children." •

He then took a hand of each in one of his, saying—"Your hearts have been long united, I now join your hands; may Heaven bless the union."

Conrade bowed, and turning to Amelia —“ Now, my dear girl,” said he, “ I am completely happy ; the study of my future life shall be to make you so.”

Lorenzo now entered.

“ Mr. Anderson,” said Stanhope, “ suffer me to present my son—Lorenzo, & recommend Mr. Anderson to you as a brother.”

“ As the brother of my Amelia,” said Anderson, embracing him, “ you are welcome to my heart ; acquaintance will no doubt secure you a distinguished place in my affection on your own account.”

“ Lorenzo was equally surprised and pleased at the return of Conrade and Amelia. He had just returned from an ineffectual search, almost in despair. Amelia tenderly apologized for the unnecessary pain she had given a beloved brother.

“ Think

“Think no more of it, my sister,” said Lorenzo, “all is now restored ;. all is as it should be.” The dewy moisture of sensibility beamed on Amelia’s eye. —Conrade observed it, and repeated to her the following

SONNET.

The same keen sense that bars the pang to part,
 Paints the wild rapture when return draws nigh,
 When bosoms beat to bliss, warm heart to heart,
 Hand grappling hand, and eye encount’ring eye.

* The round tear sliding down the burning cheek,
 In sweet Elysium wrapt the speechless powers,
 Or eyes suffus’d, that eloquently speak,
 Shining like Summer suns, thro’ May’s soft showers.

Then, then it is, that souls of purer fire,
 Snatch the rare raptures sacred to the few,
 The clinging kiss, the chat unknown to we,
 And blest embrace, which dullards never knew.

Then let me count not life by days and years,
 But smiles of sweet return, thro’ separation’s tears.

Amelia was now prevailed upon to retire to repose, and once more courted the gentle god of slumber, with a serene and placid satisfaction, such as was wont to dwell in her uncorrupted heart. At dinner she again met Conrade, and happiness again crowned the festive board.

Indignation flashed from the countenance of Lorenzo, whenever the name of Evander was mentioned.

“My brother,” said Conrade, “he, probably, loved our Amelia, and his passion deprived him of reason. We must forgive him, for we have all faults to be forgiven. Our contempt is a sufficient punishment for his insolence.”

“Generous youth,” replied Lorenzo, “Heaven will reward such expansion of heart.”

In Lorenzo Stanhope, Conrade found the exact counterpart of Amelia. The same delicacy

delicacy of mind, the same purity of sentiment, characterized both.

With equal virtue, form'd with equal grace,
The same, distinguish'd by their sex alone;
Her's the mild lustre of the blooming morn,
And his the radiance of the risen day.

Conrade's friendships were warm, and always inviolable. His heart cheerfully acknowledged Lorenzo for a friend, and he looked forward with joyous expectation to that happy period, when a more tender tie would subsist between them, when he might call him brother



CHAP. IV

Though time his silent hand across has stole,
Soft'ning the tints of sorrow on the soul,
The deep impression long my heart shall fill,
And every mellow trace be perfect still

MORE'S SENSIBILITY

CONRADE's first employment, after recovering from the fatigue of his journey, was to revisit the scenes of his nativity, and pay the tribute of a tear over the tomb which enshrined the best of parents. Memory had faithfully recorded the sad occurrences, and time, though it had softened, had

had not erased the impression. As the well known roof appeared, a tear bedimmed the lustre of his eye, and a sigh escaped its prison of the heart.

He was accompanied by his uncle. They left their carriage at the inn, and proceeded slowly up the banks of the river.

“This scene is much altered,” said Conrade, “since my departure. These villas, on the banks of the river, have a most beautiful effect on the romantic scenery.”

Herbert pointed out an elegantly situated villa—

“That,” said he, “is the summer residence of Somerton.”

“So near my own!” exclaimed Conrade, and his eye glistened with pleasure.

By this time they had reached the gravel walk, which led to the venerable mansion. A little wicket gate opened into a lawn,

at the end of which stood a pleasant summer house. The gardens were planned with exquisite taste, and art and nature were so happily blended, as to give all the beauties of each, without the tiresome uniformity of the former, or the wild luxuriance of the latter. Not a shrub nor a plant appeared, but it called to Conrade's mind some juvenile scene of happiness. He inspected every apartment, and retraced in each some scene of infancy.

"Here," would he say, "here, when ~~seated~~ by the social fire, I listened to the counsels of parental fondness."

Herbert opened the door of an apartment, which had been occupied as a library. Conrade turned pale, and hid his face in his handkerchief.

"Here," said he, "was my father's favourite retreat; here he reared the tender thought,

thought, and taught the young idea how to shoot.' Here would my sainted parent direct my erring footsteps in the paths of happiness; here would he paint in glowing colours the irresistible charms of virtue. Here I joined in offering up our matin prayer to the Creator; here we paid our vigil tribute of gratitude and love."

He removed some of the books from the shelves; his father's name was written in them: he instantly closed them, and walked to the window to conceal his tears.

"These emotions, my dear Conrad," said Herbert, "do credit to the goodness of your heart. While you retain your present feelings, it would be unnecessary to caution you, never to profane this temple of the virtues, by an immoral or vicious action."

"No,

“No, never,” replied Conrade, warmly; “these scenes shall be as a talisman to guard me in the path of virtue.”

“But, my nephew,” rejoined Herbert, “the world is full of snares. Through the goodness of God, I hope you will *ever* think as you do *now*.”

“Ah, Sir! I dare not presume on my own strength; but you shall be my Mentor. If I have any virtues, I owe them to my father, to Mr. Granville, and to you. This heart, though it is subject to many errors, ~~trust~~ in God, will never find gratitude a painful duty.”

“Come, Conrade,” resumed Herbert, “the subject is too pathetic; we will drop it. Shall we take a walk in the garden? Give me your arm, for you can scarcely support yourself.”

“Oh,

“ Oh, Sir,” said Conrade, “ *you* can pardon this weakness—indeed I never was a philosopher.”

“ If, by a philosopher, you mean *unfeelingness*, may you *never be a philosopher*; but for once assume the fortitude of a man.”

They entered the summer-house, and the first object that caught Conrade's eye, was the following inscription, engraved on the wainscot by his father's hand.

INSCRIPTION.

Far from the tumult and the noise of life,
Here sweetly pass the hours of rural ease;
Here gentle zephyrs cool the sultry heat
Of burning Sirius; while Sol's parting ray
Sheds on the pleasing scene a brighter glow,
And the lone bird of Eve, her plaintive note
Resumes, and warbling, charms the twilight shade.

Here

Here contemplation wafts th' immortal mind
To yon bright world of light, and paints the bliss
Design'd for virtue, when th' immortal part,
The inmate of this feeble house of clay,
Hails the glad herald of its separation
From all beneath the sun.

Conrade read it with emotion. He would have wept at the recollections it conveyed, but his uncle's injunction was yet recent in his memory.

“After the proof you have given me,” said Herbert, “of the goodness of your heart, I can no longer hesitate to relinquish the concern I have taken in your conduct. From this moment I give up the charge, and wish to retain no other right over you than that of a faithful friend. You will remember, my young friend, that the inheritance you are now about to possess,

sess,

sess, is a sacred fiduciary deposit. It was gained in the toils of honest industry, labouring in the cause of unprotected innocence : but for this, it might have been greatly increased. But your father was an excellent man, Conrade. The inheritance he left you, never caused a tear to roll down the cheek of the victim of lawless power."

He put a pocket-book into Conrade's hand, saying—"By the contents of this, you will see that you are possessed of an 'elegant sufficiency' of wealth. You are young, I know, but you are virtuous ; and this is my assurance, that I shall never repent having put you in the possession of affluence at so early a period of your life."

Conrade's heart was too full to reply. After several attempts, he said—"You will
not

not withdraw from me your counsel, Sir ?
Alas ! I shall err widely, if left to myself."

"I shall still claim your confidence, my nephew—consider me as an inviolable friend ; and should you ever meet with difficulties in life, confide in me as a father. I expect soon to see you at the head of a family—May you be happy !"

At this moment Somerton entered the summer-house.

"Welcome home, my friend Anderson," said he.

Conrade flew to embrace him. Herbert soon after withdrew, telling Conrade that he should not return to M—— till the following morning.

"Why are you so grave, my dear Anderson ?" said Edward ; "may I ask the subject of the conversation I interrupted?"

"My uncle has been giving me the securities .

curities of my fortune, and with them, his parting advice. His manner was so solemn, and his advice so pathetic, that I was extremely affected."

"But you are not yet twenty?"

"True," replied Conrade; "but such is my uncle's confidence in me, that he has given me the whole of my fortune, at a period——"

"When you expected it," interrupted Somerton, smiling. "I suppose he is acquainted with your engagements with Miss Stanhope."

"I am so fortunate as to meet his approbation in that, as in every other particular."

"He is a good man," said Somerton.

"He is indeed; and my cousins——"

"Ah! your cousins are amiable girls—Eliza is beautiful beyond description. But
why

why so melancholy, Conrade? I am concerned to see you so grave."

"I am only serious," said Conrade; "had you listened to the lesson of virtue I have just heard, you must have been serious too. The scenes I have witnessed, have called up recollections which I own I should be glad to dissipate."

Somerton proposed to join some of his young companions at a public-house. Conrade hesitated at first, but a satirical smile from Somerton aroused him to a consideration, that what he proposed was perfectly innocent, and they walked out together.

Conrade found himself in a new society. The companions to whom Somerton introduced him, were a set of mercenary wretches, whose principles were as corrupt as their hearts were vicious, and their
minds

minds ignoble. His heart had hitherto beaten in unison with reason and virtue; yet his passions were warm, his temper extremely susceptible; and his mind, pure as the new-fallen snow, and innocent as the sportive lambkin, could ill brook the idea that there were hearts differently moulded from his own. Vice and immorality, he now found, would meet with a welcome reception in society; and a miserable combination of lewdness, profanity, and affected infidelity, obtained the appellation of *wit*. Unused to such a scene and such society, Conrade hung down his head, and unconsciously sunk into a profound meditation. His imagination had flown back to the scenes he had just witnessed; and when he contrasted them with the present scene and his present companions, a blush of ingenuous shame overspread his countenance;

countenance; and with his natural benevolence of heart, he tried to persuade himself that the caricature he had drawn of his companions, was the offspring of prejudice, rather than penetration. His silence and seriousness at length drew on him the eyes of the whole company; and unable to stand their united raillery, he felt relieved when cards were introduced to "kill the time."

The character of the company was now more fully developed; the petty tricks of simulation, and all the mean arts of the gamester, were admirably well displayed. Conrade was astonished that Somerton, whom he had ever considered a pattern of probity, could feel in the least degree interested in such a scene.—Among the passions that slept in Conrade's heart, that of gaming was predominant, and this alone would

would have made his situation tolerable, till he could decently retire.

As they were returning, he could not help expressing his surprize to Somerton, that he was so apparently easy and gay in the midst of so much immorality. . . .

“ You would retire, then, from the world,” replied Somerton, “ a hermit, a recluse ? ”

“ If these are the boasted pleasures of society,” rejoined Conrade, with warmth, “ far rather would I live a recluse, than mingle in such a motley crowd ; but the best of parents early taught me to distinguish between innocent diversions and guilty revelry. The former is consistent even with piety to God ; the latter degrades intelligent men, to a company of Bachanals.”

Edward softened his voice.—“ My Con-
VOL. II. D rad : , ”

rade," said he, "is eloquent on this subject, but he has yet to learn that our passions——"

"Must be regulated," interrupted Anderson. "I suppose your grave preceptors tell you so; but if our passions were implanted in our natures, certainly the God of Nature intended them as a source of satisfaction."

Conrade's imagination was heated by wine and merriment, and he listened eagerly. The artful Somerton saw the favourable moment, and entered into an eloquent harangue on the empire of passion over reason, religion, and virtue.

"You will confess," added he, "that every impulse of your nature, contrary to the dictates of what you call reason, is a passion which you say you must overcome. But suffer me to ask, whence were these passions derived? Were they not implanted

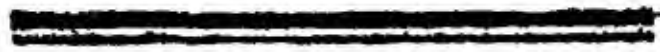
in the soul when it first animated a mortal form?—You will undoubtedly answer they were. If so, they must proceed from Deity; and is it not the height of presumption and impiety to pretend that any evil can flow from the *Fountain of all Good?*”

Edward’s manner was insinuating, and the tone of voice in which this sophistry was uttered, made it appear less inconsistent. Conrade did not attempt to refute, for his guardian angel slept.

Edward continued—“For example (we will look at home, Conrade), you have acknowledged that your inclination strongly impels you to gaming; that you find in it an attractive charm, which you are incompetent to resist. This you believe is a passion, which you must restrain, and, if possible, overcome. But did it not ori-

ginate from God himself? You may say no; but will your reason point to any other source? 'All things proceed from God,' virtues and vices, good and evil. Acquiesce, then, in the will of Heaven, and not attempt to stifle the growth of that which God implanted in your soul.' The inspired penman wrote—'Take no thought for to-morrow.' Let us obey the heavenly precept; let us endeavour to make each day pleasurable, and assure ourselves 'that to-morrow shall be as this day, but much more abundantly.'

The fatal blow was struck. The foundations of his virtue were sapped; and, one after another, they must moulder away, till the fair fabric of innocence totters on the brink of innocence.



CHAP. V.

Let this auspicious day be ever sacred,
 No mourning, no misfortune happen on it ;
 Let it be mark'd for triumph and rejoicing ;
 Let happy lovers ever make it holy,
 Choose it to bless their hopes, and crown their wishes.

FAIR PENITENT.

ON the following morning, Herbert and his nephew left the villa, and Conrade cast many a “longing, lingering look behind ;” but when he reflected that Amelia would soon be the partner of his happiness, and this their happy residence, his thoughts

ascended in grateful transport to that power, whom he had been taught to adore as the author of "every good and every perfect gift."

The vast horizon of life now seemed gilded with pleasure; not a sombre ray, nor a darkening cloud intervened to overshadow the sunshine of the breast. He gazed on the scenes of futurity through hope's delightful perspective; and the retrospect of the past left but few misfortunes to regret, and few follies to lament—the present was bright and unclouded.

The joyful day at length arrived, that made him the happiest of mortals, and gave him the gentle Amelia, a kind and affectionate companion,

To raise the virtues, animate the bliss,
And sweeten all the toil of human life.*

* Thomson.

This.

This might with propriety be termed an union of hearts ; and if similarity of taste, congeniality of principles, and a mutual attachment, approaching nearly to adoration, and this attachment founded in reason and virtue—if these are the happy omens of conjugal felicity, Conrade and Amelia might truly anticipate a life of transport.

At the desire of Amelia, the nuptial ceremony was performed without eclat, and the superfluous expence was appropriated to purposes of benevolence. Amelia's apparel was characteristic of innocence and simplicity.

A simply elegant wreath of roses ornamented her lovely forehead ; while the downcast look, and deep blush of modesty, added graces indescribable to her beautiful form.

Anderson's paternal residence had been fitted up for their reception in a style of rural elegance ; and after spending a few days with their friends in M——, and receiving the congratulations of their numerous acquaintances, this fortunate couple entered into those scenes of life which were the very reality of Conrade's most enthusiastic wishes. The occasion was celebrated by an elegant ball, and Somerton easily gained permission to be the partner of Eliza ; and Lorenzo, actuated by purer motives, attended the amiable Harriet, whose elegant converse and truly dignified behaviour, had excited in his heart the first dawnings of attachment, more than common-friendship, and drew from him those civilities which, if they be not the " essence of affection," serve greatly to " perpetuate and strengthen it."

The

The situation of Anderson and his Amelia was now such as their fond imaginations had pointed out as blissful.

Their company was courted by the *beau-monde* ; and had they chosen it, they might have proceeded in a round of amusements ; but the calm pleasure of retirement, domestic ease, and a well-assorted library, afforded them those delicate transports, known only to the virtuous. It was the “ elegant sufficiency,” so emphatically described by the poet. Thus had his father entered into life ; and Conrade, as he traced the happy similarity, looked up to Heaven, in joyous hope that he should be enabled, by his virtues, to imitate the example.

An affluent fortune rendered an assiduous application to the duties of his profession as an attorney, unnecessary ; yet his talents were not allowed to rest in oblivion. His

eloquence at the bar, and the honest integrity of his heart, had gained him the rivalry of many, the envy of more, and the admiration of all.

The sun of prosperity had arisen in majestic splendour, and diffused the prolific beams of happiness over "a widely extended landscape of pleasing hopes."



CHAP. VI.

Honour's a sacred tie, the law of Kings ;
 The noble mind's distinguishing perfection,
 Which aids and strengthens virtue where it meets her,
 And imitates her actions where she's not ;
 It ought not to be sported with.

ADDISON'S CATO.

SUCH was the situation of affairs, when
 Anderson one morning received a visit from
 Mr. Dilemma, the purpose of which, he
 learned, amidst an abundant display of
 classical acquirement, and many Latin and
 Greck quotations, was to deliver a note
 from

from his friend, Mr. Evander Abbett. On breaking the seal, Conrade found it was a modern, fashionable cant of invitation, to violate the laws of God and man; or, in other words, a challenge to appoint time and place, and meet him as a man of honour ought.

“I will meet him at my own house,” said Conrade; “a man of honour ought to meet his friend, by all means.”

He retired to his closet for a moment, and indignation struggled with the law of conscience. It was but a momentary struggle. The horrors of duelling came to his mind in their full force, and he shuddered to think that he had hesitated. He wrote a calm and unimpassioned reply, and invited Evander to dine with him on the ensuing day. He delivered the note to Dilemma, and, with a smile, assured him that he should

should endeavour to prove himself a man of *real* honour. Dilemma did not appear to understand the allusion, and enquired if he would have seconds, or meet alone?

“ I will meet your friend in the open field of argument,” replied Conrade; “ your company will be acceptable, if you will join us.”

“ The field of *arrangement* !” repeated Dilemma ; “ your note, doubtless, appoints time and place.”

With several more classical quotations, and all about *honour*, Mr. Dilemma took his leave.

Conrade pursued his usual occupations, his studies, and his amusements, with that easy cheerfulness, that ever plays round the heart of him “ who hath his quarrel just.”

Amelia, on the contrary, trembled for
the

the events of to-morrow ; and her confidence in Conrade's firmness was hardly adequate to her fears.

The hour arrived. He had previously requested the presence of Somerton ; and when his guests arrived, he received them with an easy gaiety, that formed a striking contrast to the confusion of Evander, and the solemn deportment of Mr. Dilemma. Conrade started a variety of lively topics during dinner, and conversed with uncommon, and seemingly unaffected gaiety. — When the cloth was removed, and Amelia had withdrawn, he assumed a serious aspect, and entered on the subject of debate in a moderate and unimpassioned manner. He endeavoured to make his antagonist feel his error, by representing his conduct in a just, but highly-coloured portraiture.

“ I do not mean to enrage Mr. Ebbert,”
added

added he, "I aim only to convince. I am conscious of the rectitude of my conduct. I did not even resent the injuries you intended me, when you strove to rob me of my plighted love. I allowed for violence of passion, and was ready to attribute the error rather to the head than the heart. My sentiments are decidedly against the murderous practice of deciding contests at the risk of the life of one or both of the combatants ; and I shall never be persuaded to decide the present contest by the sword."

The company looked amazed ; and Evander, starting suddenly from his chair, exclaimed—"Then you refuse to make me satisfaction ? You are a coward."

"I have no satisfaction to make," resumed Conrade, "you are the aggressor. As to the imputation of cowardice, I hear it calmly, for I mean to be reasonable."

“ You are a coward,” repeated Evander, impetuously ; “ you refuse me the satisfaction which, as a man of honour, you are bound to grant. I repeat it, you are a coward.”

“ No, my friend ; I refused you, not from cowardice, but from reason, from principle, from a real sense of honour. I mean not to pronounce my own panegyric, but I may be allowed to vindicate my conduct, from the principles I hold inviolate. I thought, by my silence, to have convinced you that I was superior to the prejudices and false opinions of the times, which often impel men to the commission of a crime, above all others base, even the crime of *shedding the blood of their brother*. If we have no respect for the express law of God, which, in the very letter, speaks aptly to the subject, ‘ Thou shalt

shalt not kill ;' if, blinded by the mist of infidelity, we discern not, in this energetic command, a revelation of the will of the GREAT I AM.; if we deride this sacred oracle—let us pay some little regard to that inward monitor we feel within us, this *law of conscience*."

"Mr. Anderson," interrupted Ebbert, "this is no time to moralize; are you prepared to give me the satisfaction I demand, or meet the contempt of every man of honour?"

"My friend," rejoined Anderson, "the vague, indeterminate definition, which is usually affixed to the word honour, is, in my opinion, neither satisfactory nor just. In the common acceptation of the term, it means little more than persevering effrontery in guilt, and hardened insensibility of heart. You say it is no time to moralize ;

ralize; but it is time to pause, to reflect, to put in practice the principles of morality. When we are tottering on the verge of destruction, shall we commit the guidance of our conduct to principles, which are as barbarous and repugnant to the feelings of humanity, as they are disgraceful to their professors; and productive of the most fatal consequences? Let us see if the least glimpse of reasonable argument can be shown, why I am authorized to perpetrate the blackest crime our nature can commit—None, I presume, which reason would not blush to own.”

Evander attempted not to interrupt, and Anderson continued—“Let us now draw an imperfect outline of the miseries attendant on the execrable practice of duelling, and see if the *man of honour* will not turn in horror from the portrait. You and I,
we

we will suppose, -have received from each other some real or imaginary injury ; an altercation follows, and we adopt the fashionable mode of decision. I pay for my temerity with my life. I rush, uncalled and unprepared, into eternity, and have not time for a moment's reflection on the all-important subject of an invisible world. I have a young, a beautiful wife, whom I love to adoration ; who returns my affection with equal sincerity. Figure to yourself her distraction ; see her weep over the mangled corse of him who was blest with her affection ; see her bend in anguish over the lifeless clay ; see the fine, benignant expression of her countenance exchanged for the ' soul-piercing wildness of despair ;' hear her sobs, her broken exclamations ; no pencil can pourtray her distresses—but happily they are of short duration ;

tion ; see her faint on the breathless form of her ‘ first and only love ;’ see her expire in agony.”

Evander trembled, and turned pale.

“ Does the picture affright you ?—Yet this is not half the misery you will accumulate. ‘ Observe her wretched parents. View the pallid countenance of her distracted father ; see how he struggles with affliction, when memory, too faithful memory, recalls the scenes of sportive childhood, when he clasped the little cherub of innocence to his bosom, and blessed Heaven for a gift so perfect. Now view the affecting reverse. But a mother’s anguish, who shall attempt to describe ? Feelingly alive to every finer glow, and possessed of the softness natural to her sex, her heart feels more intensely the weight of sorrow, and her anguish mocks description. Nor is this all. Behold

hold, through a long train of connexions, despair depicted on every countenance; every eye surcharged with tears, and every bosom with sorrow. Would to God the gloomy picture ended here; but Oh!—unhappy man!—this is comparatively bliss, when we think of that ‘inward hell of guilt’ you must suffer. The moment the fatal blow is struck, passion, that spur to every crime, deserts his follower; the spring of reason resumes its elasticity, and horror, guilt, and remorse, are enkindled in your bosom, and burn more furiously than *Ætna’s* flames. There is but one dreadful alternative—a public, ignominious death, or safety by flight. Suppose you are fortunate enough to elude the vigilance of justice, you wander an exile, a fugitive, suffering continually the pangs of a *guilty conscience*. But should swift-footed justice overtake

overtake you, ere you have time to escape, how will you dare to face the offended majesty of that people, whose laws you have flagrantly violated? You are arraigned at the tribunal of public justice; you receive that sentence, which the just law of the state inflicts on the murderer, and an inglorious halter terminates an existence, which might have been a blessing to society."

"Good God!" exclaimed Evander, "are these things real?"

"They do not half equal the reality; to paint them in their native horrors, would require the language of Pandemonium."

Evander's countenance had undergone a variety of changes; even Mr. Dilemma, though he seldom allowed any person to speak but himself, listened in attentive silence. At length Evander replied—

"Your arguments, Mr. Anderson, are forcible;

forcible ; they may be just ; but should I retract now, what an opinion must the world form of my courage ?”

“ Far, very far,” rejoined Conrade, “ would you be from deserving the imputation of cowardice. To retract an error is *noble*, is really *courageous* ; to conquer our own passions is a glorious victory. On the contrary, the duellist is of all men the greatest coward. He is afraid of the censure of a few unprincipled wretches, who are stupidly deaf to the cries of suffering humanity ; he is *afraid to obey the dictates of his own conscience*. I am not afraid to encounter you, Mr. Ebbert, but I own (nor do I blush to own it) I am afraid to violate the laws of God and man ; I am afraid to forfeit the favour and protection of Heaven, by wantonly and flagrantly violating

ing

ing the express command of the Most High."

Evander was confused.

"Mr. Anderson," said he, with embarrassment, "Somerton is our common friend; he will therefore be impartial: permit me to speak with him alone for a moment."

Somerton was happy to hear this proposal, for he saw the secret workings of Evander's soul, and knew that one moment more would bring conviction to his heart. Anderson invited Mr. Dilemma into the library, and with him fled every good impression he had made on Evander's mind.

"What the d—l shall I do, Edward?" said he.

"Apologize for your conduct," was the reply; "he will be your friend eternally,
and

and it may be of inconceivable benefit to us to have him for a friend."

When Anderson returned, Evander met him at the door.

"If I should retract," said he, "could I hope for your esteem; could you look upon me as a friend?"

"Yes, my friend," said Conrade, clasping his hand with warmth, "henceforth permit me to address you with that endearing appellation. Apologies are unnecessary; you were misguided, but not intentionally criminal, for a good heart alone yields to conviction."

"Your's is the real honour," resumed Evander. "I acknowledge——"

"No acknowledgments," interrupted Anderson; "trust me, I have consigned to oblivion all that has passed. Let us drink," added he, filling his glass, "a draught

draught of the Lethe waters—*Eternal oblivion to our misunderstanding*”

The parties coalesced in the toast, and Conrade resumed the unaffected cheerfulness of triumphant virtue.

CHAP. VII.

So pass'd their life, a clear, united stream,
 By care unruffled ;
 While with each other blest, creative love
 Still bade eternal Eden smile around.

THOMSON.

THE truly felicitous situation of Anderson and his Amelia, now seemed to contradict the assertion, that "perfect happiness is not the growth of the terrestrial soil." The most beatific vision of Paradise could hardly suggest the idea of more tranquillity ; calm as the breath of the zephyr, and

unruffled as the smooth surface of the placid river, whose waters steal in silence to the ocean; the path of life seemed to be strewn with ever-blooming roses, and they enjoyed their delicious fragrance, and as yet felt not the sting of the concealed thorn.

Anderson was rising swiftly in the esteem of all around him. His venerable parent had left an impression on the minds of his townsmen, which would have ensured a degree of respect for the son, independent of his own personal worth. But public applause was but a secondary object. The calm pleasures of the domestic circle, a select society of friends, the joys of *feeling*, and the pleasures of the mind, were esteemed the climax of all human felicity.

To those who have never felt "that attachment, which vibrates in every fibre of the

the

the feeling heart," such a situation may appear dull and tasteless; but to minds like Conrade's and Amelia's, few circumstances in life would admit of a comparison with their rural excursions, when, happy as the first created pair in the garden of Eden, they hand in hand sought out the cooling shades, and listened to the plaintive notes of Amelia's guitar, or the livelier strains of Conrade's clarionette. Enthusiastically attached to rural scenery and rural pleasures, they often prolonged these excursions, till long after the pale moon glimmered through the trees, and the Whippoorwill filled every pause of the guitar. Sometimes Amelia would accompany the instrument with her voice, in some favourite air, often of her own composition.

It was on one of those delightful summer

evenings, when full-orbed Cynthia rises in mild, yet majestic splendour, soon as the orb of day recedes behind the western hills, that this happy couple bent their footsteps along the banks of the river. The gentlest zephyrs fanned the smooth surface of the stream, and every undulating wave glowed with myriads of reflected gems.

Business, and noise, and day, were fled,
And every care but love.

The sweet musician of evening, the lonely Whippoorwill, had begun her accustomed requiem to the departing shades of twilight.

“Why is it,” said Conrade, “that poets should dwell with so much fervour on the music of the nightingale, and wholly neglect the lovely warbler, who now so sweetly bids the day adieu?”

“She

"She is the American Philomela," said Amelia, "and venturing to depart from the usual poetical track, I have sometimes made her the subject of my verse. You shall hear a little air I composed last evening, provided you will not criticise on the irregularity of the versification."

Conrade listened, with pleasure, to the following

CANZONET.

The sun has descended beneath the green wave,
And the dew-drops of even the wild flower have ;
While the gentle queen of night, beams on yonder rippling rill,
I'll listen to the strain of the plaintive Whippoorwill.

No more shall the poet be proud of his lay,
Apollo shall yield to the muse of the spray ;
No tabor of the plain, no music of the hill,
Can equal thy strain, O lovely Whippoorwill.

The Robin may sing the soft sennet of love,
And Philomel warble her woes to the grove ;
Though the soft, tender lay may the soul of rapture thrill,
They can ne'er be compar'd to the lonely Whippoorwill.

In life's rugged path, where few roses we find,
Where hope is delusive, and fortune unkind,
Should the fickle goddess frown, I could meet her with a smile,
While I listen to the strain of the plaintive Whippoorwill.

No attractions have riches and honours for me,
I'd part with them all for a brook and a tree ;
E'en a sceptre I'd resign for a ramble on the hill,
And one tender strain from the plaintive Whippoorwill.

Not the wealth of Potosi should tempt me to rove,
From my cascade, my grotto, my streamlet, my grove ;
Contentment still endears the sweet banks of the rill,
And pleasure's in the voice of the lovely Whippoorwill.

“How differently moulded from our own,
must be those hearts,” said Conrade, “who
sicken at such amusements, and behold with
cold indifference such a delightful prospect.

This

This scene would have charmed a Thomson ; but there are minds so constituted, as to derive little pleasure in the contemplation of the ‘ beautiful and sublime ’ in nature, who willingly turn aside to the first object of fictitious elegance.”

“ The virtuous can enjoy such a scene,” said Amelia ; “ for the vicious, nature has not a charm.”

Conrade pressed her hand.

“ How much is our present felicity enhanced,” said he, “ by the recollection, that were the angel spirits of my parents permitted to look down upon us, they could not disapprove our choice. In these moments, Amelia, I always think of my parents. To look up in humble confidence to Heaven, and claim the protection of angelic powers is a lot peculiarly happy ; yet the pride of man can prompt him to

deny the existence of that God, whose divine protection is so essential to our happiness.

“Hither let the atheist come; let him view the spangled heavens above, and the spangled waters below, and he must acknowledge that there is a Supreme Power, ~~who~~ created not only a world, but miriads of worlds. How many sublime ideas does such a scene inspire? When we gaze on the stupendous works of creation, how comparatively little does our world appear! It is impossible that this should be our only existence; we shall meet, Amelia, in that world whither my parents are gone before us. May the pride of philosophy never tempt us to resign this pleasing hope. Enthusiasm were far preferable to such philosophy.”

A small skiff had long hovered in sight;

it now proceeded down the stream, and the dashing of the oars added another beauty to the scene. The sweet notes of a violin floated melodiously on the waters. The airs were plaintive and soft, and after various movements, from the lively notes of rapture to the wild sweepings of anguish; after alternately exciting a smile and a tear, the performer introduced a wild, irregular air, and accompanied it with a voice uncommonly harmonious. They listened attentively, and heard, most exquisitely performed, Collins's admirable Ode on the Passions. Had Collins heard the strain, he must have confessed, that even his beautiful performance was still indebted to music for half its attractions. The varied tones expressed the various passions; fear was wild and disordered; melancholy, pensive and delightful; hope, expressively soft; and joy, lively and ecstatic.

“ Why,” said Conrade, “ has Collins omitted love, that ‘ master-passion of the breast ’ ? ” Certainly that great master of the passions could not have been insensible to love.”

The music ceased, and the boat moved towards the shore. Conrade struck up ~~up~~ his clarionette, to one of his favourite airs ; he was answered on the violin, with “ rural felicity,” and a voice, which he knew to be Somerton’s, accompanied the instrument. As soon as the boat arrived at the shore, Somerton disembarked, and joining Conrade, pressed him to prolong their walk. Amelia declined ; but urged Conrade not to suffer her to deprive him of the pleasure of walking with his friend.

“ We will wait on Mrs. Anderson home,” said Conrade ; “ I will then join your party.”

 CTIAP. VIII.

Nor think

That virtue, in sequester'd solitude,
Is always found. Within the inmost soul
The hidden tempter lurks, nor less betrays
In the still seeming safety of retreat,
Than where the treacherous world delusive smiles.

MORE'S SACKED DRAMAS.

SOMERTON proposed retiring to a public house, and Conrade unwarily consented. Already had the sophistry of Somerton considerably weakened his objections to the indulging of his favourite passion for play. As yet he had never strayed from the path of
of

of rectitude ; but he had begun to think very differently of the fashionable follies of the times. He had too implicitly followed the maxims he had drawn from books, and too fatally neglected the study of the human heart. Human nature he knew only in theory. Suspicion was a stranger to his bosom ; and when the language of kindness vibrated on his ear, he looked not for a heart of adamant, when virtue sat upon the tongue, he sought not for a " soul black with treachery."

Edward and Evander were *professional gamblers*, in the confidence of each other ; and this was so artfully concealed from Conrade, and so great was Somerton's ascendancy over him, that one might as well have attempted to shake the earth from its centre, as to persuade him of his insincerity. What a magic charm is there in a gaming-table,

table, that can outweigh the dictates of reason, and even the precepts of religion! That the eye which has often glistened with the dew of sensibility, can gaze with anxiety on a set of *figured papers*, and the mind, where science has shed her effulgent ray, can feel as much interested in a *deal*, as in the fate of a nation! Much more mysterious, that the heart that is guarded on all sides by principles the most inviolate, which beats in unison with religion, can so far debase itself, so far forget the dignity of its nature, as to stoop to the mean arts of base dissimulation. Tell me, ye men of science—ye who pretend to shew the causes of the actions of men—ye philosophers, who can trace every action to its purest source, through as many intricate mazes as the famed labyrinth of Crete—tell me, what is this potent magic that can
work

work such astonishing changes—this irresistible attraction, so much superior to reason, virtue, and domestic happiness? For, at present, all is conjecture, all is vain enquiry.

- If the passions of Conrade were already inflamed, his reception at the tavern was calculated to add fuel to the blaze. The neat apartment, sparkling glasses, and the cheerful countenances of his companions, all conspired to facilitate his progress in the love of dissipation. Cards were introduced, and Conrade felt compelled to join his companions; but he did it with repugnance; for, though his objections to play were weakened, they were not overcome.

An unfortunate succession of winnings, made it *ungentlemanlike* not to give his antagonists opportunity to recover their losses. Too polite to refuse (if politeness be
not

not dishonoured by the use), and too unskilful to be long successful, his winnings were soon reversed. He then would gladly have withdrawn ; but the same courtesy he had shewn to others, was now shewn to himself. Somerton too was his partner, and appeared unwilling to retire."

Thus situated, Conrade found it impossible to disengage himself ; and Edward and Evander now thought their prey entirely in their power, for they knew full well, that " every indulgence of a vicious inclination renders a second indulgence more easy."

The midnight bell had tolled through the silent air ere Conrade left the tavern ; and for the first time in his life, felt the stings of remorse. His heart suffered severely, from a consciousness that he had *done wrong*. Sleep long refused him its wonted consolation ;

consolation ; and when tired nature, at length overcome with watching, sunk in the arms of Somnus, mysterious visions haunted his imagination. Long and painful were the intervals between the broken slumbers of the night. Alas ! his conscience denied him its usual approbation.

While affairs were thus circumstanced at W——; Edward was constant and assiduous in his visits to the Herbert family. Eliza now indulged fair dreams of happiness. Hope scattered her fair flowers over the landscape of life, and whispered fond, delusive stories of to-morrow. To the fascinating charm of an engaging exterior, Edward added all the graceful polish of the gentleman. Eliza's vivid imagination had annexed virtues to which his heart was a stranger ; and conscious that her attachment was founded in virtue, and cemented
by

by friendship, she blushed not to consider how essential his presence was to her happiness. With him,

Not undelightful was the haunt
Of wood, or lonely grove, or russet plain,
Made vocal by the muse,*

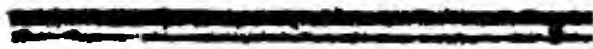
and without him,

Neither the breath of morn, when she ascends,
With charm of earliest birds, nor rising sun,
Nor herb, fruit, flowers,
Glistening with dew, nor fragrance after-showers,
Nor grateful evening mild, nor silent night,
Nor walk by moon, was sweet.†

Lorenzo, too, found in his heart a growing passion for the lovely Harriet; not esteem, nor friendship, but warmer and more tender than either.

* Sacred Dramas.

† Paradise Lost.



CHAP. IX.

Virtuous and vicious, every man must be,
Few in th' extreme, but all in a degree;
The rogue and fool, by fits, are fair and wise,
And e'en the best, by turns, what they despise.

POPE.

THE morning of prosperity was too bright to last. The machinations of Somerton succeeded, and Anderson was no longer himself. He had exchanged the soft peace of conscious innocence, for the restless inquietude of remorse. His brow was clouded with anxiety—the voice of love

was.

was no longer music in his ear—his youthful cheek no longer wore the crimson flush of health—his eye no longer beamed the serenity of his soul. He frequently spent whole nights with Somerton and Ebbert, in such pursuits as it pains humanity to think of, and over which charity would cast her celestial mantle. By degrees his mind became so familiarized to the society of his vicious companions, that the spark of virtue was stifled, if not entirely eradicated.

Amelia saw this change with the keenest anguish. She had entered into life with him, with the brightest prospects of futurity; and when she saw those prospects fading away, when she saw his brow constantly clouded with care, she would have administered the balm of consolation, but she knew not the depth of the wounds she essayed to heal.

By

'By a strict economy in domestic concerns, she endeavoured, as much as possible, to avert the wide ruin she saw impending over their heads. The birth of a son, however, recalled Anderson awhile from his mad pursuits. It was, alas ! but a momentary respite. The subtle arguments of the treacherous Somerton again drew his wandering footsteps from the paths of peace. His fortune was wasting rapidly, yet he had not sufficient courage to extricate himself from the snare into which he had fallen. Yet there were hours of reflection, of serious, painful reflection. He still felt all that a father can feel for his little Alonzo ; he still almost idolized his Amelia ; and he still revered the shades of his departed parents. To drown the recollection of the past, and the dreadful anticipation of the future, he plunged still deeper in the scenes
of

of dissipation. Herbert felt for Conrade all the affection of a parent. How keen, then, must have been his anguish, when he saw the wide cloud of ruin which was gathering, and almost ready to burst upon the head of a once promising youth, dear to him as a child, and the only remaining branch of a family once near his heart—when he saw that indigence and misery must inevitably ensue, unless some speedy means were devised to deter him from the rock on which so many thousands have perished.

But Eliza, hapless Eliza, her's was the heart that felt, most exquisitely, the weight of anguish ! She had formed many flattering presages of future happiness ; but her hopes were now, all blighted, the roses of happiness were withered, and love was left to prove the torment of her future life.

To

To continue a connexion with an unprincipled gamester, was repugnant to every feeling of delicacy, and every principle of virtue. She strove to cast him from her thoughts, but strove in vain. Vain, indeed, was the struggle between the cool dictates of reason, and the impetuosity of love. That a form so engaging should conceal a heart so depraved, both surprized and grieved her. She determined to think no more of a connexion which, were it prolonged, must wound her delicacy, as well as her reputation. Eliza's sensibility was exquisite, and her heart naturally generous and affectionate; and when she was compelled, at length, to withdraw her esteem from Somerton, she could not disengage her affection. She was a prey to silent anguish and concealed misery. Her frame was too delicate to support the struggle;

struggle, and the rosy hue of health no longer graced her cheek—the cheerful smile no longer sat upon her countenance.—“‘Medical aid’” was called, but physicians cannot cure the wounds of the heart.

Observing the pain she created, she reasoned with herself, she remonstrated with her heart, and resolved, if possible, to conquer its feelings.

With a faint hope that Conrade was not irrecoverably lost, Herbert resolved to separate him awhile from the fascinating society of Somerton, by accompanying him on a journey to visit his friends at Philadelphia. Fortunately, Conrade was at home (or rather at his own house—for, of late, the tavern had been his home) on the afternoon which his uncle had chosen to make the proposal. Conrade received him with confusion; he knew that he was mak-

ing an ill return for the guardian cares of his uncle, and his embarrassment was extreme ; his countenance was pale, his eyes sunken, and his deportment bashful and timid—not the timidity of modesty, but of guilt and remorse. To some observation of his uncle, he attempted to reply, but the accent died on his lips

Not appearing to notice his too evident embarrassment, Herbert began to caress and play with Alonzo.

“ What a lovely child ! ” said he, “ how prettily he smiles ! See, Conrade, how strongly he resembles his mother—do you not think that he will possess her virtues ? I should suppose similar features to be indicative of similar virtues.”

Conrade’s native sensibility was rising—it had been long repressed ; for in the circles he frequented, sensibility was known
only

only to be ridiculed. Herbert made the proposal, and urged his nephew to a compliance.—“Indeed,” added he, “I cannot be denied; the plan is arranged, and my girls shall domesticate with Amelia till we return.”

After a variety of objections had been obviated, and Conrade could no longer find a pretext to deny, he reluctantly acceded to the proposal, and the following morning was fixed for their departure.

The affection of his uncle had aroused Anderson from his lethargy; and though the good man had studiously avoided to mention his late irregularities, Conrade could not help imagining that there was an uncommon earnestness in his manner, and a look of pity, he fancied, was often mingled with his earnest gaze at himself.

“Alas!” thought Conrade, “I have for-

feited his esteem for ever, and now he pities, as he condemns me.”

He gazed on Amelia and Alonzo in succession, and his feelings were most exquisitely agonizing.

Amelia saw the struggle in his soul ; she would have soothed him, but her heart was too full for utterance. She gently touched her guitar, and calmed the tumult of his soul with the soft strains of melody. Conrade was not yet so hardened in guilt as to stifle the voice of conscience. He had tried in vain to quiet its murmurings, and still its pangs ; and when he retired this night to his chamber, he made the heroic resolution to hear its accusations. Multiplied, indeed, were his transgressions, and his heart pronounced sentence against him, yet he felt still a pleasing hope that he was not irrecoverably lost. He resolved to
confess

confess his errors to his uncle, and entreat his counsel. He was even pleased with his intended journey, as it might contribute to the recovery of his diseased mind.

Having made this resolution, he was led to an examination of the state of his finances. He had contracted many debts, which, in the dialect of the gamester, are called *debts of honour*, and which the writer supposes *are debts of infamy*; and his ~~affairs~~ were in a state of embarrassment. The duties of his profession had been for some time totally neglected, but he resolved to apply to them with industrious assiduity.

These resolutions were made in the serious hour of retirement, when he was not surrounded with temptation, and saw not a party of his companions at a gaming-table. Happy, thrice happy would it have

been, had he been enabled to perform his virtuous resolutions ; but he knew not how deeply the poison was infused into his mind. The love of gaming was coeval with his existence, and outweighed even the love of virtue.

CHAP. X.

Innocence, when once thy tender flower
The sickly taint has touch'd, where is that power
That shall bring back its fragrance, or restore
The tints of loveliness, that shine no more.

BOWLES.

SOONER than was expected, Herbert and his daughters arrived, and the former was surprized at the sudden alteration in Conrade's countenance. Returning virtue had illumined his features, and the long absent smile of satisfaction again hovered on his lips. Conrade bade an affectionate adieu

to his Amelia, and his Alonzo, and the travellers departed.

As they travelled, Herbert introduced such subjects as might serve to confirm Conrade's wavering virtue. Anderson was much affected; he almost fancied he saw before him a father, a protector, a friend, whom he had lost for ever.

He wished much to speak of his own indiscretions, but could not command fortitude enough to make the attempt. When they stopped for the night, Conrade requested they might have a room together. They retired early, and Herbert, as if he had understood the feelings of Conrade, insensibly led him to the subject he so much desired to speak of. With an ingenuousness, peculiar to the worthy mind, Conrade told all his follies, his embarrassments, and his remorse. Without reserve

or

or disguise, he confessed how many nights he had spent in guilty revelry; how he had neglected the duties of his profession, the duties of the husband, the parent, and the friend. Herbert eyed him with a look of compassion—

“And could ~~you~~, Conrade,” said he, “descend to such pursuits?—Ah! unhappy that your strength of mind was not equal to the goodness of your heart.”

“I am very wretched,” replied Conrade; “I am indeed very unhappy, and long once more to tread the paths of peace. If I have not erred beyond your forgiveness, I may yet be happy.”

“And should I deny you this forgiveness, would you not regret, that you had made this confession?”

“Ah! Sir,” said Conrade, sorrowfully, “I perceive I have entirely lost your confidence,

fidence, or you could not ask such a question; no, Sir, whatever be my sentence, my heart feels relieved from a load of guilt, in speaking of my errors."

Herbert clasped his hand affectionately.

"This moment," said he, "restores all, restores you to my heart; and Oh, Conrade! may Heaven assist you in regaining the path of virtue—may you never again wander from her paths, 'whose ways are pleasantness, and all her paths peace.'"

"I should indeed be unpardonable," rejoined Conrade, "should I ever again—"

"Come, come," interrupted Herbert, "let us hear no more of this; you may assure yourself that I have forgotten your errors; let me persuade myself that you will forget them likewise, or remember them only to thank Heaven that you are delivered from their fascinating charms."

Conrade

Conrade retired to rest, with such sensations as were wont to play around his heart, ere he listened to the "Syren song of Temptation." That sweet consciousness of acting aright, which enhances the refreshment of sleep, and inspires Arcadian dreams, once ~~more~~ animated his bosom; and when the rosy god of day burst from the chambers of the orient, he awoke to realise his dreams of happiness.

No incident worth relating occurred during an agreeable and uninterrupted journey, and the travellers arrived at the residence of Mr. Anderson, in Philadelphia. They were received with the cordiality of honest friendship. Mutual congratulations took place, and Conrade eagerly enquired for Edwin and George. The latter was introduced. His enquiries for the former were answered with tears. Alas! they had
F G but

but the day before followed to the grave the son and the brother. The unfortunate youth fell by the hand of his fellow man. Some trifling dispute at the theatre, led them to adopt the fashionable mode of decision, and he had fallen in consequence. This gloomy incident clouded the joy Conrade felt, on again joining the society of the friends from whom he had received such testimonials of affection. Soon after his arrival, George accompanied Conrade to pay his respects to his preceptor. Mr. Granville was truly rejoiced to see his pupil, for he had imbibed for him the affection of a parent.

Evening arrived, and the crowd had already begun to collect at the door of the theatre.

"After the late unhappy incident," said George, "the theatre has no longer any charms

charms for me ; but you, Conrade, may be gratified with the performance, while they will recall to my mind, a brother greatly beloved, but lost for ever."

They entered the theatre. "Adelnorn the Outlaw," was admirably performed, and affected Conrade extremely. The constancy, and tender affection of Innogen, brought to his mind his Amelia, while her sufferings excited a tear of sympathy. Every eye was attracted by the unexpected appearance of the "Spectre," when a young lady, in the next box, shrieked and fainted. Among those who flew to her assistance, Conrade was astonished to recognise his old friend Williamson. In the hurry of narration, we omitted to notice that Conrade, soon after his return from Philadelphia, learned that the old man had quitted the vicinity with a sort of mysterious

3 rious

rious privacy ; and vain were the attempts of his young friend to discover the place of his retreat. Curiosity was now on the rack, but the cause of it had disappeared, and the circumstance so much absorbed Anderson's attention, that it was wholly abstracted from the succeeding performances ; and he even neglected to notice a most beautifully performed pantomime, with which, at any other time, he would have been delighted. Anderson communicated the circumstance to his cousin as they were returning, but could obtain no satisfactory information.

“ We will enquire for him,” said George ; “ possibly we may discover his residence. — Poor Edwin !”, continued George ; “ how often have we visited this temple of amusement together !” — a tear followed the recollection.

At

At the request of Conrade, George recounted the particulars of the fatal catastrophe.

“I was not present,” said he, “at the altercation which led to the unhappy event, but I learned that it originated in some trifling dispute about the performances of the stage. It was near twelve at night when Edwin sent for me to his chamber, and imparted the circumstance. I remonstrated, but in vain; his purpose was fixed. His passions were too much inflamed to listen to reason. ‘Ere the earth shall again be illumined,’ said he, ‘with the rays of the sun, Edwin or Alphonso dies. As a last token of affection for your brother, will you attend me as a second?’ I told him, it would be madness to consent. I saw he was inflexible, and was hastening to consult my father on the means of saving a
life

life so dear. ‘Stay, George,’ said he, ‘one moment more; I have yet another request; will you deliver, with your own hand, a letter to Miss Granville? Tell her to forget me; tell her, that my love for her will be the last expiring emotion of my heart; and even in this moment——’ He paused, and in a few moments added, ‘but why do I think of her?—May she forget me and be happy.’ I looked at the superscription, ‘Sophia Granville.’ ‘Edwin,’ said I, ‘if you proceed, you may never write this name again.’ He appeared not to notice the observation, but added, that he had still another request. ‘Promise me that you will not suffer a breath of this intelligence to escape your lips until my fate is decided.’ ‘Indeed,’ said I, ‘I cannot.’ He instantly drew his sword, and placed the point to his breast. ‘Now,’ said he, ‘give me.

me the oath I require, or be amenable for the consequence.' What could I do? I gave him the oath he required, and promised to attend him to the appointed place. Till the hour arrived, he conversed with apparent tenderness on the grief his parents must endure. He sometimes softened to tears, but never receded from his purpose. The hour arrived; with trembling steps, and an aching heart, I followed him. You must spare me from relating the succeeding scene. The unfortunate youth has atoned with his life for his impetuosity."

Conrade recollected the dangers to which he had been exposed, in a similar instance, and shuddered at the recollection.

"Alas!" resumed George, "he sleeps in the arms of death; for ever closed is the once sparkling eye; hushed is that voice which

which gave so much delight ; cold and silent is his habitation ; yet the sod that covers him is wet with the dews of pity. When Aurora shall again wake the glad songsters of the morning, we will visit the melancholy spot, and mingle our tears with the pearly dew-drops. We will listen to the plaintive sighs of the passing gale ; we will contemplate the end of all mortal beauty, and remember that we must also die *. Narrow is his dwelling now, and dark the place of his abode. With three steps I compass his grave: Four stones, with their heads of moss, are his only memorial. A tree, with scarce a leaf—long grass, whistling in the wind, mark to the mourner's eye, the grave of the ' unhappy Edwin.'

• OSBORN.

CHAP.

CHAP. XI.

Well have you borne affliction,
Well have sustain'd your portion of distress,
And unrepining, drank the bitter draughts
Of adverse fortune ; happier days await you.

• MORE'S SACRED DRAMAS.

THE whole of the next day was spent by Conrade and George, in ineffectual enquiries for the residence of Williamson. They were returning, in despair of effecting their purpose, when, on turning the corner of a street, Conrade accidentally met the object of his enquiries. Williamson expressed

expressed no small degree of astonishment at meeting the friend whom he thought never more to have seen, and Conrade was equally surprised at the old man's splendid appearance. For some moments they stood fixed and motionless. George was the first to propose retiring to a place, where they could mutually explain the extraordinary occurrences which had brought them once more in the presence of each other. Williamson proposed retiring to his own house ; and George, conceiving the idea that the old man would not wish to impart his adventures to a stranger, politely excused himself from accompanying them : Williamson but slightly opposed his departure, and they separated.

A few moments walk brought Conrade to the house of his friend, which was elegant, and furnished with " tasteful simplicity."

"Here."

“Here, my friend,” said Williamson, “is the residence of the now fortunate Williamson. Oh, youth!—who could have foreseen this change! Though the *sombre* cloud of sorrow long hung over our persecuted family, yet the gales of retribution have chased away the thick mist of misfortune, and the sun of prosperity gilds with his gladdening beams the hemisphere of my declining years. When you saw me first, Mr. Anderson, you saw me not thus. You saw me, ‘a wretch beset with ills, and covered with misfortune;’ without a ray of comfort to dawn upon my soul, whose companion was despair, whose only hope was in death. You now behold me possessed of opulence, and again caressed by the world.”

“And can the causes of this happy change be communicated?” said Conrade.

“You

“ You shall hear, Sir—but first let me introduce you to my Julia.”

They entered the parlour, where Mrs. Williamson and her little grand-daughter were sitting. The little girl was charming beyond description ; her countenance already displayed the opening bud of genius, and the traits of benevolence.

Williamson resumed—“ You, Sir, are probably surprized at what you see ; but I told you, my young friend, when I saw you last, that fortune’s favours were capricious. I have reason to believe so still ; and her frown is not less capricious than her smile. From the time of my acquaintance with you, Sir, my heart was considerably lightened of its sorrows. I saw that virtue and humanity had not entirely flown from the creation. I saw that there was still one, who, in the gay morn of youth, could

could *feel* for the sufferings of a fellow creature; could visit the habitations of the miserable, and dispense the sweet beams of consolation to an anguished heart. I saw the tear of sympathy moisten thy cheek, and the sigh of commiseration struggling to escape thy heart, and hope again whispered her flattering prophecies of future years—if not of joy, at least of tranquillity. My ill health, which I believe was more a disease of the mind than the body, had been increased to an alarming degree, and I was verging rapidly to that silent habitation where the ‘wary are at rest;’ but, from the time of my acquaintance with you, Sir, (whether it was the effect of your generous friendship, or whether it was predisposed by the Great Supreme, I know not) my health was gradually restored—and, at length, so far established,

established, that I began once more to think of some employment. As I was sauntering one day through the street, a person on horseback approached, whose air and stature were familiar to me. Some slight salutation, as we passed, drew my eyes from the ground. I gazed full in his face—Good God ! with what sensations!—The roaring Niagara was perfect stillness and serenity, to the wild tumult of my bosom. In the stranger I recognized the betrayer of innocence, the *murderer* of my Celestia. I may be allowed the expression, for the fiend who tarnished her unspotted innocence, and drove her to a grave of suicide, may be justly styled her *murderer*. I was tormented with the idea of farther persecutions. I trembled for Theodora, for it instantly occurred to my distracted imagination, already frenzied with misfortune, that

that

That he had discovered my retreat, and was come to demand his child, the daughter of my Celestia, the sad memento of her fall. My Julia was equally alarmed, and we resolved on an instant removal. We repaired as privately as possible to the metropolis; and it was then, Sir, that I knew how to value your compassionate regard. Your bounty supplied me with the means of hiring a ready-furnished lodging; and I once more strove to obtain some employment. I strolled from street to street, almost in despair.

“ I one morning entered a coffee-house. Every countenance wore the aspect of business; on every brow was marked *industry* and *competence*. I contrasted these with my own situation, and my feelings were almost insupportable. To conceal my emotions, I hastily snatched up a newspaper.

paper. You will recollect, my young friend, in my former narrative I mentioned a distant relation of my mother's—the only kindred I could claim on this side the Atlantic. In the weekly obituary I found the account of his death ; and annexed, an advertisement, advising his heirs, if any were to be found, to lay claim to his estates. He was wealthy, and had died without a will. From the abyss of despair, I was raised in a moment to happiness. I flew to my Julia on the wings of affection—‘ read,’ said I ; ‘ read, and be happy.’

“ I shall pass over our interesting conversation, and briefly notice that no time was lost in making the necessary preparations. I asserted my claim to his estates, and, without opposition, became possessed of an affluent fortune ; and, according to the probable course of human events, I cannot

cannot again be reduced to the state from which I emerged—and the only grief I experience is the remembrance of my Celestia, and that has gradually softened into a calm and not unpleasing melancholy. Our chief enjoyment is the luxury of relieving the distressed, and our principal care the education of my Theodora; and never, my friend, do I recline on my pillow at night, or rise from my couch at morning's dawn, without a fervent prayer to the Author of Nature, that she may not share the fate of her unfortunate mother.

“ You will pardon an old man's egotism, Mr. Anderson, though I talk to you only of myself; but you are married, I presume?”

Conrade briefly related his present establishment.

“Enviably lot!” replied Williamson; “your Amelia is deserving of your love. She is as my Julia was once: and the little offspring of so generous a parent!—how fortunate that it is not a daughter! He will be exposed to none of those perils a female would have to encounter. Yet I conjure you, Mr. Anderson, place no dependence on him; for though his mind be purer than the dew-drop that glistens on the morning floweret, temptation and vicious example may estrange his heart from virtue.”

Conrade felt most forcibly the truth of this observation, and sighed to think that it had been demonstrated even in himself. He assented to the truth; and added, that our hold on earthly bliss was feeble indeed.

“Feeble, emphatically feeble,” resumed Williamson. “Had I not a daughter once,
a young

a young, 'beautiful, virtuous daughter?—
Was she not fair as Aurora when she rises
from her orient bed, and wakes the glad
songsters of the morning? Was not her
mind pure as the new-fallen snow, and her
bosom the gentle repository of every ge-
nerous feeling? Was she not 'faultless as
fair?'—yet *she* fell a victim to seduction.
Her gentle head sleeps under the flower-
dress'd turf, where the cypress and the
weeping-willow intertwine their branches,
and exclude the penetrating sun-beams;
and there alone, unseen by mortal, blooms
the fair violet, an emblem of the once un-
tarnished innocence of my lovely Celestia.
Have I not reason to distrust all human
happiness? Do I not know that the en-
joyments of the heart are not less unstable
than the possessions of earthly grandeur?
'The Thracians,' says the inimitable Yorick,

‘used to weep at the birth of their children, and make merry when a man went out of the world, and with reason’—Could every parent foresee the future destiny of his child, I fear the practice would become general. How does the doating parent hug the little darling of his hopes, and hail, as blessings, the very means which an all-wise Creator has devised to blast his warmest hopes of earthly happiness. Yet think not I impeach the benevolence of Deity. He wisely prepares us for a state of perfect felicity, by suffering us, in this probationary existence, to encounter with affliction, and drain the cup of sorrow of its last bitter dregs. Were we to be perfectly happy here, Heaven would lose half its attractions; and it is only by contrasting the miseries of life with the felicities of Elysium, that our calamities can be borne
with

with any degree of fortitude. But I beg pardon ; my dull, inanimate reflection can hardly be tolerable, much less interesting, to a mind which has never felt “ the stings and arrows of outrageous fortune.”

Conrade spent a happy afternoon in intelligent and interesting conversation with his friend ; and when at length he rose to depart, Williamson pressed his hand.—“ Perhaps,” said he, “ we shall never meet again. I feel confident that you will never come to Philadelphia without calling on your old friend ; yet it is hardly probable that we shall meet again, for my pilgrimage of life is almost over, the world is closing on my view—my best wishes will attend you. You are now in the gay morn of manhood—you view the world as I viewed it at your age ; may its unfolding scenes

never disclose, to your view, such a portrait as I have witnessed."

Conrade could barely pronounce "adieu."

"Adieu, my young friend," rejoined Williamson.

He gazed for some time in his face, pressed his hand once more, and seemed unwilling to relinquish it.

"This is puerile impotence of mind," said Conrade: "since we must part, let me command fortitude enough to go with tranquillity."

Williamson accompanied him to the door; he would have gone farther, but he was afraid to trust his emotion to common observation. Once more he pronounced "adieu!" Conrade once more returned the salutation, and departed.

 CHAP. XII.

To spread corruption's bane, to lull the bad
 With flattery's opiate strain, to taint the heart
 Of innocence, and silently infuse
 Delicious poison, whose insidious charm
 Feeds the sick mind, and fondly ministers
 Unwholesome pleasure to the fever'd taste,
 While its full venom, with malignant pow'r,
 Strikes at the root of virtue, withering all
 Her vital energy.

MORE'S INTRODUCTION.

"MUST we part, then?" said George
 to Conrade, who could not be prevailed
 on to lengthen an absence from his native
 villa, and the society of his Amelia.

The pride of philosophy may call it *weakness*; but he who can with calmness, and serenity take leave of those who claim a particular place in his affection, who can pronounce *adieu* with a distinct articulation, and not suffer the starting tear to say, "I leave you with regret;" such an one is either deficient in the warmth of generous feeling, or, by a long course of dissimulation, has learned to command the feelings of the heart. Far different was the case with Conrade. "He felt," as Tristram Shandy says, "as feelingly as a man could do."

Having received George's promise of an early visit, he burst from the embraces of his friends, and hurried to his carriage.

No event of consequence occurred on their journey homeward; and Conrade already felt, in anticipation, the joys of the
domestic

domestic circle ; already heard, in fancy, the soothing accents of his much-loved Amelia welcoming his return—already listened to the artless prattle of Alonzo. He anticipated a thousand endearing expressions from Amelia, and imagined her tenderness and joy, to see him returned, and returned *virtuous* ; for he imagined that he was now superior to the efforts of the tempter, and rejoiced in his emancipation from a slavery more intolerable than that of the unhappy African, *the slavery of vice*. Though this slavery had been disguised in the garb of pleasure, Conrade could not help exclaiming, with the eccentric Yorick—“ Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still, still thou art a bitter draught.”

Like the hero, when he has shaken off the manacles of a tyrant, Conrade's heart beat lightly, and fondly trusting that no

power on earth could again rivet his chains, he exulted in his freedom.

These reflections occupied his mind until the carriage stopped at the gate of his villa. He “tripped it lightly over the lawn,” and, in a few moments, was in the presence of his Amelia. Herbert followed him into the parlour, where their presence diffused universal gladness. Amelia welcomed their return, in the bland accents of undivided affection, and the unintelligible prattle of Alonzo seemed to evince the share he took in the general expression of joy. Harriet smiled a cheerful welcome, and Eliza forgot for a moment that, since her residence at W——, she had received unequivocal proof that Edward, if he had ever been worthy of her esteem, had now entirely forfeited that claim.

Herbert returned with his daughter to
M——,

M——, and Eliza carried with her a silent sorrow, which veiled the beauties of creation, and cast a gloom over the brightest prospects. She had determined to think of Edward no more, and had repeatedly refused to allow him even a parting interview. She feared to trust the emotions of her heart, should he plead to be reinstated in her esteem. It was a contest to which she knew she was unequal, and she sought safety in retreat. Her heart, however, could not sanction what her reason approved, and the struggle of contending influences undermined her health; “the bloom faded on her cheek, and the lustre of her eye grew dim.” She never told her sorrows, but the neglected sigh, and the unwilling tear, expressed them more feelingly than all the eloquence of language.

Conrade, meantime, for several days
resolutely

resolutely resisted the entreaties of Somerton ; but his guardian angel again slept at his post, and his subtle tempter was again triumphant.

Henceforth let no man trust the first false step
Of guilt ; it hangs upon a precipice,
Whose steep descent in lost perdition ends.

Here let the sympathizing reader, whose heart bleeds for the woes of others, and who fears to awaken heartfelt commiseration in his bosom, close the book for ever, for every future event is portrayed by the sombre pencil of misery.

CHAP.



CHAP. XIII.

The sons of riot flow
Down the loose stream of false enchanted joy,
To swift destruction. On the rankled soul
The gaming fury falls, and in one gulph
Of total ruin, honour, virtue, peace,
Friends, families, and fortune, headlong sink.

THOMSON.

ON one of those autumnal evenings when Somerton and his impious band held their nightly orgies at the tavern, the generous, open-hearted Anderson was again allured from the sweet enjoyment of the domestic circle,

circle, by the imaginary joys of dissipation. Already had his extravagance obliged him to pledge a considerable part of his paternal fortune ; and the hope of recovering what he had so inconsiderately lost, plunged him still deeper in the abyss of ruin. On this evening, fortune was awhile propitious, and seemed to promise the deluded Anderson returning wealth.

Urged on by success and unexpected good fortune, Anderson hazarded large sums, until the fickle mistress of the affairs of men suddenly shifted sides, and the return of the fatal die gave the death-blow to Conrade's sanguine expectations. In a moment of despair, he hazarded the securities of his estates, and they were also lost. Evander had been "fortune's favourite," and he now, with apparent generosity, offered the loan of his ill-gotten wealth.

Anderson

Anderson accepted considerable sums, for which his notes were given on demand; these were soon expended, and the continued accumulation of debts and losses drove the misguided and unhappy man to the verge of desperation.

Meanwhile, Amelia, in anxious suspense, counted the moments of his absence. All was silent, save the autumnal gale, and the chirping cricket in the hearth—sad indications of approaching winter. A melancholy presentiment, which she chid herself for indulging, but could not conquer, foreboded the winter of her hopes.

As she sat by her window, listening plaintively to the sighing of the waving trees, she endeavoured to abstract her mind from the melancholy idea which possessed it, by arranging the following lines:—

THE SEASONS

Of late 'twas spring, and ev'ry breast was gay
 As I smelt joy welcom'd returning, May
 That did in verdant lea and waving grove,
 The cheerful robin warbled on the spray,
 And charm'd the morning with his sweetest lay,
 And tun'd his voice to softest strains of love.
 While gentle zephyrs, and refreshing showers,
 "Call'd forth the greens, and wak'd the dormant flow'rs."
 But soon this loveliest, fairest season fled,
 And burning Sirius rear'd his scorching head
 With pensive steps I sought the woodland shade,
 And verdant bow'rs in summer's pride array'd;
 There on the banks of yonder lucid stream,
 Where the deep shades exclude the sultry beam,
 At Fancy's call I tune my rural lyre.
 The opening flow'rs a thousand sweets exhale,
 The stream meandering, murmur'd thro' the vale;
 I caught the inspiring ray, and wak'd the muse's fire.
 Swift fly the seasons in their destin'd round,
 Succeeding autumn strews with leaves the ground;
 No more we wander in the verdant grove,
 No more with hasty steps the meadows rove—

No more the ev'ning songster's plaintive lay
In dulcet strains shall charm the closing day ;
But the autumnal gale, with sullen roar,
Proclaims that summer's beauties all are o'er.
And not less swift, stern winter rushes forth —
From the cold regions of the frozen north :
Fierce chilling blasts attend his haggard form ;
Man feels his power, and dreads th' impending storm.
The scatter'd leaves are strew'd upon the ground,
The limpid streams " in icy fetters bound."
Who then, we ask, would term existence bliss,
If ev'ry joy must end in gloom like this ?
Not so the summer of our life well spent,
O'er winter sheds the blessing of content,
And reaps eternal bliss where winter's gloom
Shall chill no more, but spring for ever bloom.

The evening was now considerably advanced, and Conrade did not return. Her anxiety increased ; neither her books nor her music could afford her their customary pleasure. The clock tolled eleven.—“ Ere another

another hour," exclaimed Amelia, "he must be here."

She opened the casement of her window; the moon had wandered through the trackless heavens, and was sinking beneath the expanse of waters. She seemed, in fancy, to hear the well-known footsteps, but the next echoing blast undeceived her. The infant pledge of their union was sleeping, his mouth closed in a smile, that indicated the serenity of his bosom. Amelia hung over his cradle, and watched his infant slumbers.

"Dear innocent," said she, "soft and peaceful are thy slumbers; thy bosom is a stranger to affliction. Oh mayest thou never know the pangs I suffer!"

She wept—her lovely infant smiled.

"Happy, happy infant," continued Amelia; "how enviable are the days of infancy
time

tine simplicity !—nature now glows in thy bosom—she *once* dwelt in the bosom of thy deluded parent : but where is nature now ?”

When the “mild and gentle virtues” are extinct, when love ceases to play round the heart, and virtue irresistibly to attract, the feelings of nature are eradicated. She had formed Conrade on her noblest plan, had endued him with all that is amiable in man ; the tenderest of parents had laboured to erect in his bosom the fortress of virtue, and to stamp indelibly on his heart the delicate impressions of sensibility. Painful indeed is the reflection, that the scorpion passions, that lie sleeping in the heart, should command the sacrifice of such a mind ; that dissipation should apply her sponge to the precepts of parental love, and,

and, with one fatal stroke, wipe out the *labour of years*. Painful reflections crowded in the mind of Amelia; she recollected all she had suffered for Conrade—she remembered the horrors of that night when she fled from her paternal dwelling.

To abstract her mind from gloomy retrospects, she opened a volume of poems she had often read with delight. A paper fell from the book as she opened it; it was an unfinished drawing of Charlotte at the tomb of Werter, with which she had tried to amuse herself on the day preceding the one fixed for her marriage with Evan-der. The recollection was too powerful; she threw by her book, rose from her seat, and opened the casement of her window: anxiously, but in vain, did she listen for the well-known footstep. The autumnal
wind

wind was chilly, and seemed to sigh in melancholy symphony among the falling leaves.

“Where,” she exclaimed, “oh where is my Conrade? Where yon pale taper gleams through the casement, are assembled a group, who are swiftly verging to destruction—there my Conrade, my once virtuous, now deluded Conrade, is wasting his health, vitiating his morals, and wooing the embrace of poverty and ruin.”

The idea was exquisitely painful; she threw herself into a chair, and sat, in a kind of melancholy stupor, until the echo of the midnight bell recalled her again to the window. Every moment increased her impatience: now she withdrew from the window—then returned—then closed the casement, almost in despair—then as quickly returning, she listened in attentive silence,

lence,

lence, and often, in fancy, she heard the well-known sound, but the next echoing blast was the death of her hopes.

Thus passed the hours, until Aurora blushed in the orient, when the welcome footstep at length approached. Her heart palpitated with pleasure; she hastened to the door, and opened it with eagerness. Anderson was there—but Anderson's heart had lost its softness; his brow was contracted to a frown, his aspect haggard, and his hair dishevelled.

“My Conrade,” said Amelia, in a soft, affectionate tone, “you look fatigued—are you unwell?”

He made no reply, but walked sullenly into the parlour, flung himself into a chair, leaning his head upon a table. He sat a few moments silent; then suddenly starting up in frenzy, he exclaimed, in a tone of horror—

• horror—"Villains! villains!—by G—d, they have ruined me!"

"My Conrade," said Amelia, "you are unhappy, and I know not the cause."

"Away—away!" interrupted Anderson; "I am ruined! Curse them!—curse them!"

•
• "Who would you curse, Conrade?—your Amelia?—your Alonzo?"

"Alonzo!—where is he? Ill-fated infant, why was he doomed to call me father? And why, Almighty Father, didst thou permit Amelia to love one whom thou hast forsaken?—one whom thy just vengeance must pursue?"

There was such an air of frenzy in his countenance, and his eyes rolled so wildly, that Amelia trembled for his intellects; consolation she could not offer—she could only weep.

Conrade beheld her tears: the tenderness of love returned—he flew to her.—
“ My angel—my Amelia ! Good God ! I have made you miserable ! Weep not for me—for a wretch who has renounced all hope of happiness, and all claim to virtue. Nay, look not on me with that aspect of soft compassion ; rather tell me I am a villain—a wretch ; heap on my head deserved reproaches.”

Then starting suddenly away, he raved with the fury of a maniac, cursing his existence and its author. Amelia would have attempted to console, but she could only look—consoling words she had none.

Anderson at length became more calm ; he seated himself by her side, and took her hand.

“ Oh, Amelia,” said he, in a softened voice, “ you are too good ; you only weep
for

for me—you ought to reproach me. Nay, I could bear reproaches, I could bear any thing but your tears.”

Amelia dried them immediately, and smiled on him with ineffable sweetness.

“It is too much,” exclaimed he, ~~as he~~ leaned his head on her bosom, and watered it with the tears of contrition. But a moment since he entreated her not to weep—he now wept himself.

At this moment Alonzo awoke, and “papa, pāpa,” saluted Conrade’s ears. He started up, and exclaimed—“Good God! this is more than I can bear! I have deserved it, yet torture me not with the thought. See, he smiles on me—he knows not that I have brought destruction on my own head, and entailed indigence on his. Oh God! is there no avenue to escape?”

“ Yes, my Anderson,” said Amelia, “ there is *one* avenue, and there is but *one*.”

“ Name it, name it, and though ten thousand demons oppose me, I will boldly rush through, and regain the sweet peace I have lost.”

“ Leave gaming, and dissolve your connexion with Somerton.”

“ Gaming !—did you say ?—Ah, yes !—My poor brain !—It was a horrid dream !—Oh, my father !”

Amelia was now convinced that his senses were disordered, and was reaching the bell to ring for assistance, when he suddenly recovered and caught her arm.

“ For God’s sake, hear me a few moments more ; I am better now : sit down, Amelia, and tell me how I may escape.”

“ Leave gaming,” said Amelia, emphatically, “ and we may yet be happy.”

“ It

“It is too late—I am ruined—my fortune is gone, irretrievably lost—even this house is no longer mine—it is mortgaged, and I cannot redeem it.”

“But my affection is still the same in adversity as in prosperity ; and often have I heard you assert, that, with my affection, you could be happy in a cottage. Do we not live in a country where competence is the sweet reward of industry ?—Can wealth make the heart happy?”

“No—but my innocence is likewise gone.”

“Not irretrievably ; dissolve your connexion with Somerton, and abjure gaming, and peace of mind may be recovered. Do you believe Somerton your friend ?”

“Can I doubt it ?”

“Fatal delusion ! He is your betrayer—your——”

“Stay, Anglia,” interrupted Anderson, “say no more of Somerton; but can you, after all that is passed—can you love me still?”

“Can you think my affection can change? I love you, Conrade, and I pity your delusion. Whatever be your destiny, even fate shall not divide us.* I have shared in prosperity, I will also share in adversity.”

Did I but purpose to embark with thee
On the smooth surface of a summer's sea;
When gentle zephyrs fann'd in prosperous gales,
And fortune's favour fill'd the swelling sails;
But would forsake the bark, and make the shore,
When the winds whistle and the tempests roar *.

Conrade, oh no—one sacred oath has ty'd,
Our lives one destiny, our loves one guide;
Nor wild nor deep our common way divide.

* *Prior's Henry and Emma.*

CHAP. XIV.

A monster' from whose baleful presence
Nature starts back, and, though she fix'd her stamp
On thy rough mass, and form'd thee for a man,
Now, conscious of her error, she disclaims thee,
As form'd for her destruction.

TAMERLANE

WHILE the unfortunate, deluded Anderson was pursuing the thorny road of dissipation, Somerton was plotting new schemes of villainy. From the ruin of Conrade's fortunes he had not derived the affluence he expected: his course of life

was expensive ; and though he contrived to keep up the *appearance* of wealth, appearance was all that he could boast. He saw now no other expedient than *marriage*. A marriage with Eliza would not answer his purpose ; he considered the hymeneal state as a sort of *slavery*, and resolved never to give up his freedom but to make his fortune. With the Andersons of Philadelphia he was slightly acquainted : and, after considerable deliberation, he marked Melissa as the victim of his mercenary passion.

A letter of introduction from Conrade made him a welcome guest at Mr. Anderson's. In a short period, he acquired the esteem of the parents, the friendship of the son, and the affection of the daughter. While Edward was thus employed, Evander led Anderson in the usual round of fashionable

able

able folly ; and thus they suffered not a pause in the action to interrupt the drama, which is now drawing to a conclusion.

Melissa's heart was unengaged, and she was not long insensible of his attractions. Conrade, during his residence at Philadelphia, had frequently mentioned Somerton as his particular friend, and expatiated much on his virtues ; without reluctance, therefore, did the too credulous parents bestow on him the hand of their amiable daughter, and the gordian knot was tied, before the real character of Somerton could possibly be developed. Unsuspecting as innocence, Melissa accompanied him to W——, where her reception was such as could not justify a fear for her future happiness. George was the companion of the journey ; he saw and loved Eliza ; and indulging a hope that he was not unworthy her affection,

tion, omitted nothing that could inspire her with tender sentiments.

Soon after his return, Somerton wrote to Eliza, earnestly requesting a clandestine interview : Eliza started at the impropriety of the request ; but considering that his matrimonial connexion would for ever free her from his addresses as a lover, curiosity to hear what he could say, prompted her to grant his request. In his note, he named the arbour in her father's garden ; and, after much mental conflict, she agreed to see him there. It is not the writer's motive to decide on the *propriety* of Eliza's conduct. Charity pleads much in her behalf. It cannot be denied, however, that female dignity * * * * *

“ Go on with your narrative,” say my readers, “ what have we to do with female dignity ?”

Eliza

Eliza strolled into the garden sometime antecedent to her appointment. Her heart fluttered when she recollected that she was soon to meet Somerton—to meet him married—lost to her for ever. Eliza had been once a flirt, and anxious to expel thought, if possible, she endeavoured to admire the beautiful contrast between the tulip and the violet. The latter, the emblem of modesty, had concealed itself among the high grass; the former waltzed in the blaze of day, in all the conscious effrontery of pride. She drew her pencil from her pocket-book, and wrote the following stanzas, which she entitled—

MODESTY.

The vi'let seeks the woodland shade,

And shuns the glare of day ;

The tulip blushes in the glade,

And courts the sunny ray.

A florist roves the dewy lawn,

And spies the gaudy flower ;

And plucks the useless blossom down.

To grace his sylvan bower.

The blossom droops, its leaves decay,

Its roseate colour flies ;

It languishes for Phœbus' ray,

It withers, fades, and dies.

The vi'let blossoms in the shade,

And shuns the solar ray ;

Vell'd in its modest guise, afraid

Its beauties to display.

And water'd with the morning dew,

It flourishes unseen ;

Its flow'rs assume a deeper hue,

Its leaves a fairer green.

Learn hence, ye fair ! —————

Eliza

Eliza had discovered a very pretty thought, which she might have arranged in another stanza ; but whether she considered her present assignation as an infraction of the moral the lines were meant to convey, or whether the capricious muses would not suffer her to dip her pencil once more in the stream of Helicon, is hardly worth investigation. The poem was left unfinished ; but its moral is obvious to the female reader.

Somerton, at length, made his appearance, and even a less critical observer would have noticed Eliza's agitation.

“ Miss Herbert,” said he, bowing respectfully, “ allow me to thank you sincerely for this favour.”

Eliza

Eliza blushed deeply. He led her to a seat in the arbour, and continued.

“I came not, Eliza, to extenuate my offences; but to plead to that heart which I once hoped to call mine—to entreat Eliza, though she cannot esteem, at least to pardon me.”

Eliza was embarrassed: at length, she assumed courage enough to reply.

“Delicacy, Sir, forbids a long conversation with you:—you will acquit me of unnecessary reserve, when I request you to be very explicit.”

“Ah! Miss Herbert, once my Eliza, how can I be explicit? I have much to say. Banished from your presence, Eliza, without the least intimation of my offence, or even a parting interview, was it wonderful that my love should drive me almost to despair?”

“I had,

“ I had hoped, Sir,” interrupted Eliza, “ to have heard you converse in a different strain—recollect, Sir, you are married.”

“ True, my angel ; but my heart is, nevertheless, Eliza’s.”

She arose, and was abruptly withdrawing. He seized her hand, and, with a voice of desperation, exclaimed—“ Hear me, Eliza, but one moment, ere we part for ever ! True, I am married, Eliza—but can a legal ceremony separate congenial souls ? Melissa’s virtues claim my respect : I esteem her—but is it possible I can love any but Eliza ?”

“ If you do not love her, why did you marry ?”

“ Urge me not on that subject : hear me, for a moment, on another—a more interesting subject. I was speaking of *legal ceremonies*—oh, how inefficacious are they

they to secure lasting happiness! Love, free as the air, scorns the restraint of human laws. These laws are the invention of man; yet he presumes to call them *sacred*. No, no, Eliza," pressing her hand to his lips, "the freeborn soul disdains all *superstitious rites*."

Reader, especially if thou be a female, permit me to draw a veil over the succeeding scene. How can a female pen pourtray the fall of woman? How can a female heart imagine it, and not beat with indignant horror? Suffice it to say, the setting sun threw his last rays on the tops of the trees—they shone not on the *virtuous* Eliza.

Pitying spirits, who witnessed her fall, drop a tear for the weakness of woman! Females, mourn for fallen beauty, and learn to fly from the sophistry of man. The compassionate reader will pity Eliza's
fall

fall—the tear of the writer has blotted the pages which record it. Who will not detest the perfidious Somerton? Who will not pronounce him, in the language of the tragedian,

A monster, from whose baleful presence

Nature starts back.

Nor was Melissa happy. Somerton, at first, treated her with respectful attention; gradually he threw off the mask, until neglect and cold indifference pierced the heart of Melissa; and she discovered, too late, that her wealth was the object of his adoration, and not her person.



CHAP. XV.

So farewell hope, and with hope, farewell fear ;
Farewell remorse, all good to me is lost ;
Evil, be thou my good.

• MILTON.

THE mind of Conrade now began to assume that cast, which, justly to delineate, would require the pencil of a Raphael. Remorse, with all its horrors, was enkindled in his bosom : the gloomy retrospect of the past subjected him to the most heartfelt regret, and the future he dared not to anticipate.

ticipate. Sadly reversed were his hours of reflection. Memory would wander back to those days, when his heart shrunk not from investigation. One of the last impressions a susceptible mind can admit, is the perfidy of the person in whom it has been accustomed to place the fullest confidence. To reflect that Somerton had purposely betrayed him, was productive of the keenest anguish, and, at any other period, would have been insupportable; but his mind was so engrossed by misfortunes of his own creating, that the perfidy of a friend was but a secondary evil.

How had he fallen in his own estimation! in the estimation of his friends—in the estimation of the world.

“A gamester!” would he exclaim;
“who? I, Conrade Anderson, a gamester!

Oh

Oh God! was my guardian angel sleeping at his post!"

Yes, deluded youth, it was so—thy guardian angel slept. Let not man presume on the *energy of his own will*. We stand upon a precipice; the passions at the bottom, like so many syrens, lure us to their arms; we burst the feeble barriers of virtue—we tumble headlong to ruin; and, all this time, our *own will* leans on the side of virtue. Some invisible arm, then, can alone shield us from destruction.

Such reflections as these had often dwelt in the mind of Conrade; yet how little were they heeded: he had descended that fatal precipice, and would only look back with hopeless regret. Yet even despair he was not allowed calmly to indulge. Unavailing remorse could not stifle the
calls

calls of clamorous creditors; the tears of repentance could not liquidate his accumulated debts.

“I am lost,” said he to Amelia, “for ever lost! abandoned of Heaven! Horrid images swim before my imagination—my weary eyes, in vain, look round for some reed of hope to grasp. I can only exclaim, with the poet—

Swift is the flight of wealth, unnumber'd wants,
Brood of voluptuousness, cry out aloud,
Necessity.

Amelia made no reply, but hastily withdrew; and returned, in a few moments, with a casket, which had been given her by Conrade soon after their marriage. He started at the sight.

“This,” said the amiable woman, while her aspect wore the smile of heaven-born sweetness,

sweetness, "this, my Anderson could not part with—it *was mine*."

Conrade sighed emphatically. She continued—

"It contains some baubles, which were never valuable to me, but as the present of my husband. They were ever unnecessary embellishments. I should now be ashamed to wear them. Take the casket, Conrade; its contents may satisfy your creditors for the present—may it make you happy."

Anderson started from his seat, and exclaimed—"No, no, Amelia! would you have me descend to such pitiable meanness?"

"Consider," interrupted Amelia, "how ill such ornaments would become me, while my Anderson is distressed. The trappings of female vanity are, to me, of little value
—if

—if they could restore your peace of mind, they would be inestimable. Take the casket, I entreat you ; dispose of it as advantageously as possible : and, believe me, I feel an higher satisfaction in thus disposing of what baubles are in my possession, than they ever could yield me, in ornamenting that person, which has ever been the least of my concern.”

She put the casket in his hand, and, without waiting a reply, immediately withdrew.

“Heavens !” exclaimed Conrade, “ what wretch could make so deserving a woman unhappy—the paragon of her sex ! Had she never known me, she might have been happy. Oh Heavens ! I must—I will return, while there is yet a time—I will renounce for ever the name of *gamester*. Yet what will that avail ? My fortune is
lost

lost—my fortune, my innocence, all are lost. Oh may my fate be a mirror for the gamester! Would to Heaven the whole earth could hear the assertion, that I was completely happy, till I yielded to the fatal propensity for play! My sainted father too! perhaps his angel spirit witnessed my fall! O God, I must return!"

Instinctively he put the casket in his pocket, and walked out. He was scarcely in the street, when he was joined by Somerton. So soft, so bland, so soothing were his accents, that Conrade found it next to impossible to doubt his sincerity. Somerton had now accomplished his purpose as fully as he could wish, and the deluded, ill-fated Anderson was completely in his power. Yet, notwithstanding he had rifled his unsuspecting victim of an affluent fortune, he had found that the spoils of the gaming-

5 gaming-

° gaming-table were not durable ; and wealth gotten by dissimulation, as transitory as the varied rays of the gay iris in the circumambient cloud.

With inimitable art, he now cheered the desponding Conrade, and led him to scenes of brighter hue. They continued their walk until they reached the scene of all Conrade's sorrows, M——'s tavern, the temple of profanity, the resort of a miserable horde of gamblers.

“Perhaps,” thought Conrade, “I may not *always* be so peculiarly unfortunate—fortune may smile once more, if I hazard my all that is left.”

Thus does misery reason, and thus—

Hope springs eternal in the human breast ;

just as the infant who pursues the rising bubble ; he sees it break, and “~~dissolve~~ dissolve

to common air ;” he pursues another, and this meets the fate of his predecessor ; yet he still amuses his fancy with the formation of more. So, when we are beset on all sides with misfortunes, when scarce a gleam of light, or a ray of hope beams in to cheer the sombre scene, we still pursue the bubble happiness ; we grasp the lovely vision—it breaks, falls to the ground, and then we feel the instability of human hopes.

Some secret whisperer urged Conrade to forbear “ If you are unfortunate,” argued Reason, “ you will have lost the last hold on happiness, the last reed of hope, and blockaded every avenue to a return. Still the meteor Hope would hold forth her fairy perspective, would dip her pencil in delusive visions, and paint the distant prospect in Icarian tints. His ravished
fancy

fancy now beheld returning wealth and happiness. The temptation was too powerful to be resisted ; the casket was hazarded, and Conrade found that he had "grop'd for happiness and met despair."

The last wreck of hope was gone ; misery and despair were inevitable. With the fury of a maniac, he rushed into the street ; but here new tortures awaited him. Whither should he go ? where hide from his injured Amelia, whom he dared not to see ? From his own conscience he could not fly.

"What is eternity," said he to himself, "that I should dread it ? why do I prolong an existence ? Oh, whither am I wandering ? Yet am I not right ? My Amelia, my Alonzo ! Oh Heavens, I can never see them more ! What is it to die ? My father assured me that we should live again. The last accents that trembled his dying lips were,

'We shall meet in a better world.' But he carried not with him this load of guilt—yet *he* trembled at the dread abyss. He trembled to remove the curtain that veiled eternity from his view.

Where, where for refuge shall the *guilty* fly?

When consternation turns the *good man* pale * "

He approached the banks of the river, and gazed in silent horror on its surface.

' "Fool!" he exclaimed, at length, "I dare not die. There must be a *something* after death; and the intuitive dread of what that something is, still makes me linger in this *terrestrial* abode. Futurity, what art thou? Why art thou so veiled from my view, that I am a coward at thought of thee? Will one fatal plunge bring me to my end? No, it cannot—I shall *never* die.'

* YOUNG.

Can

Can I hope for bliss immortal, when I have so sported with my earthly happiness? Oh, conscience, conscience, why wilt thou not be still! Oh for some cordial draught, to drown all sense of what is past, all fear of what may come!"

He approached the margin of the stream, and was about to tempt the perilous wave, when fancy gave him the resemblance of his father, that seemed to cross him in his way. There was a time when he would have ridiculed such an illusion; but guilt had made him a coward. He started in horror from the scene; and unconscious which way he bent his steps, he arrived at the house which had once been his, and was still the residence of the ill-fated Amelia. Pale horror chilled his soul: he flung himself into a chair, and leaning his elbow on a table, rested his cheek on his hand.

Opposite to him hung his portrait, drawn at that happy period when his heart was unconscious of guile. What a contrast did his disconsolate figure form to the portrait ! The one was indicative of simplicity and innocence, united to deep penetration ; the other shewed a countenance pallid from misfortune, an eye timid from guilt, yet wildly rolling in madness ; tears had bedimmed its lustre, and guilt had dashed the lines of beauty from one of nature's fairest countenances.

The sullen gloom of despair was, at length, interrupted by the entrance of Amelia. Her aspect, so compassionate, so tender, so benign, and yet so sorrowful, awakened those tender feelings in Conrad's heart, which, impressed by the hand of nature, vice had no power to obliterate. In the anguish of his soul,
he

he wept and sobbed like an infant. Fortitude, seldom the prerogative of woman, now quite forsook Amelia. She could not comfort the wretched Anderson; she could only pity and weep. Struggling, at length, to assume composure, she tenderly inquired what new sorrow had assailed his heart?

“New sorrow!” he exclaimed, in a voice of agony, “new sorrow! horror, misery, despair! Amelia, are you prepared to hear the last anathema of fate?”

“Explain yourself, I entreat,” said Amelia, clasping his hand.

“Are you prepared,” continued Conrade, “to live in indigence and misery, the scorn and derision of the world?”

“I am prepared to share your wayward destiny.”

Conrade sat a few moments, then starting from his chair, he exclaimed—"Is it possible! my wife's jewels! her own private property! oh, this is too much!"

Amelia saw too plainly the cause of his distress, yet she forbore to reproach him. In vain did she endeavour to calm the agitation of Conrade's spirits. He was wild, frantic, and despairing. Three summers' suns had now shone upon Alonzo, and he possessed all that fascinating simplicity, so conspicuous in the morn of life. His artless prattle was now no longer music in Conrade's ear, and he heeded not the story of infantine amusements; and after several ineffectual attempts to gain his attention, Alonzo burst into tears, and left the room. Conrade rushed violently after him: Alonzo, affrighted, fled his pursuit.

"See,"

“ See,” exclaimed Anderson, “ he flies from me ! I have wounded his little feeling heart.”

With a hurried step he sought his chamber. Amelia followed him unperceived : he was loading a pistol. Amelia rushed into the chamber, and caught his arm : he trembled, and the pistol fell to the ground.

“ What can this mean ?” exclaimed Amelia, in a voice tremulous and faint.

“ Ebbert has ruined me—and, by G—d ! his life shall atone—”

“ Anderson,” interrupted Amelia, “ where has the softness of your nature flown ? Have I not known you weep at the recital of a pathetic fiction ? Have you not compassionated the robin, bereft of its young ? And can you now harbour a thought so horrible ? Would you seek the life of a fellow

fellow creature,—a brother—one of the vast family of man?”

Her soft, angelic voice, never heard without emotion, softened his heart, and restored the spring of reason to its pristine elasticity.



CAP. XVI.

Rise never more, O sun! let night prevail,
Eternal darkness close the world's wide scene,
And hide me from myself.

BUSIRIS.

EDUCATED in virtue, nurtured in the school of wisdom, possessing every accomplishment to command esteem, and enjoying all that men call happiness, in a supreme degree, why did Anderson fall? Inquiry is vain. He was now completely lost. Expiring virtue rallied back to her native citadel;

citadel, and struggled in vain against superior force ; and her last essay was over. Vice now took the entire possession of his mind ; the outposts of his virtue were broken down ; the natural softness of his soul seemed to be totally eradicated. He even descended to inebriety ; and often, when he returned from his midnight orgies, the amiable woman who had chosen him for a guide and protector, was treated with sottish brutality : yet she bore all with patient meekness ; sometimes, a few starting tears would speak her injuries ; and the plaintive melody of her gaitar, more eloquent than language, would “ speak feelingly ” the pangs which rent her exquisitely feeling heart. With sensibility she had joined a fortitude and vigour of mind, which enabled her to look with comparative indifference on the scenes of
sublunary

sublunary enjoyment; she knew they were transient as the gleam of a vapour, and hoped for a "better world," the universal lenitive for every wound.

Deserted by those who had deluded him, Anderson lost all sense of dignity, and associated with the vilest of wretches. Reason appeared to have deserted him for ever: and yet his heart was still subject to the deepest remorse. If ever reason resumed her empire for a moment, the contrast which a few years had made in his prospects, plunged him in the deepest despair, and the most ungovernable frenzy.

The inebriating qualities of the bottle procured him a sort of oblivion of his inquietudes, and this was his only resource. His home, his prattling infant, his domestic blessings, were turned to curses: and
when

when insensibility had eradicated feeling, he beheld them with horror. Reduced to the most abject indigence, he shone no longer in the circle of fashion; and those who had formerly esteemed themselves flattered by his attention, and honoured by his friendship, now gazed on him with scorn or pity. His *real* friends were distressed; but considering him as irretrievably lost, they turned their principal attention to the suffering Amelia. By their assistance, she was still permitted to inhabit the villa, which was no longer Anderson's.

Lorenzo had been fortunate, enterprising, and industrious; he had entered into partnership with a merchant at W——, and a handsome emolument crowned the toils of industry. This amiable youth would not
suffer

suffer his sister to feel the want of wealth, and often administered to the necessities of the deluded Anderson.

Mrs. Stanhope lived not to witness the consummation of her daughter's distress. A malignant fever suddenly arrested the channels of life; she hailed the herald of her dissolution with pious resignation, and left the abodes of sorrow for views of perfect felicity, unclouded even by a doubt.

At any common period, filial sorrow for the loss of a most excellent parent, would have agonized the tender bosom of Amelia; but the follies of Anderson had created woes of so much greater magnitude, that her heart could find no avenue to admit another.

Meanwhile, the fiend-like Somerton, with

hellish industry, plotted the destruction of Eliza. It is unnecessary to retrace the arts of seduction, or lead the reader through the entangling mazes of illicit love. Suffice it to say, she was lost, ruined, undone for ever.

CHAB.

 CHAP. XVII.

Poor is the trophy of seductive art,
 Which, but to triumph, subjugates the heart ;
 Or, Tarquin-like, with more discentious flame,
 Stains *manly truth*, to plunder *female fame* :
 Life's deepest penance never can atone,
 For hope deluded, and for virtue flown.

PAIN'S RULING PASSION.

NARROW is the path of propriety, and doubly guarded on every side should be the steps of woman : her's are the delicate sensibilities, her's is the heart " tremblingly alive " to soft emotions, and her's is too often

often the melancholy fate to weep over the ruins of innocence. Her pathway is beset with snares, and the slightest deviation from virtue can never be retrieved. Not possessing that quick precision and force of intellect which is the peculiar prerogative of man, she too often listens to the plighted vow—and listening, is undone. And such is the ill-nature of the world, that

“ One false step for ever blasts her fame.”

No penitence, however exemplary and sincere can meet acceptance at the world's tribunal ; the wounds of female reputation admit no lenitives, and resist all healing applications. Daughters of innocence ! read, in the following letter, the sad story of Eliza, and steel your hearts to the arrows of love, “ which, like the Parthean, wound us as they fly.”

LETTER.

LETTER.

“ Amelia, my unfortunate friend, forget for a while your own sorrows—let the tear which has flowed for Anderson, be shed in pity for your Harriet, in compassion for Eliza.

“ Eliza, ruined, deluded girl!—Alas! my friend, the seducer has triumphed in Eliza's destruction. Somerton (how can I mention the name, except in connexion with the deepest villainy) the fiend-like, the perfidious Somerton, has blasted our warmest hopes of earthly happiness. Oh how fleeting are the days of happiness!—On every page of fate's eventful volume, is inscribed—‘ Poor are the pleasures of the world ; hope is delusive, and happiness

ness a phantom.' Happy are they who early seek a more permanent felicity in a better world. Thrice happy are those who can gaze with a philosophic unconcern on the events of time; and when the anchor of hope is broken, can lean on religion for support.

My friend, I have a tale to unfold, which will exemplify the truth of this observation. Suspicion has long pointed her venomous finger at Eliza; but the idea I was ashamed to cherish, I never revealed, even to my Amelia. Yesterday was a fatal day—yesterday, a cloud arose, and hovered over us; it obscured the sun of happiness, and darkened the beams of the lucid meteor, hope, the 'light which shineth in darkness.' Yesterday, a fragment of a letter fell into my hands, signed 'E. Somerton,' and superscribed to my sister.

sister. The subject I could not exactly determine; but the broken sentences—‘Alcove in the garden’—‘four in the afternoon’—‘love scorning the restraint of law,’ &c. were sufficient to awaken suspicion—or, rather, to confirm the suspicion already awakened.

“In the afternoon Eliza left her chamber, where she had been confined by real or pretended illness, and walked into the garden. I followed her unperceived: she entered the alcove (Oh suffer me to bathe the story with a sister’s tears); in a few moments she was followed by the traitor Somerton. Listening from mere curiosity, is incompatible with dignity of mind; but here, honour, virtue, happiness, were at stake. I listened, and what before was vague conjecture, became horrible confirmation. Eliza lamented her unhappy situation—

ation—

ation—her seducer administered all the false comfort which could be derived from sophistry and systematic immorality. Eliza was overpowered with the subject—her voice grew feeble.—‘Heavens!’ exclaimed Somerton, ‘Eliza dies!’

“I flew to her assistance; Somerton fled with precipitation, and left her fainting in my arms. The premature birth of an infant, that might have called the traitor Somerton its father, added much to her despair. Nature struggled, reason tottered, and could not maintain her dominion, and Eliza is a maniac. Your truly feeling heart will suggest the grief of a fond parent, and the anguish of a sister; but Eliza’s woes who can describe, who can imagine! Last night I watched by the bedside of the dear sufferer. Towards morning she slept; and fatigued with the sufferings of the night,

night,

night, I sunk in the arms of Somnus. I awoke just as Aurora reddened in the orient, but the poor maniac was gone.

“ Affrighted, and almost frantic, I alarmed the family, and with several attendants, immediately went in pursuit of the lovely maniac. We followed her track in the morning dew, till we reached the confines of a deep wood. I shuddered at the dreary horror of the scene, rendered more horrible by reflection. Still the brakes and ferns appeared to be separated by the foot of mortal; yet I began to think it impossible that she should have wandered to this sequestered spot.

“ We proceeded up a winding ascent, till we reached a projecting cliff, over which a torrent rushed with impetuous fury. On this craggy cliff sat an object that might have agonized a heart of stone. On a rock—yes, on a bare rock, Amelia, yet

yet wet with the waters that tumbled over it, sat my beloved Eliza, gazing wildly on the torrent.

“ My attendants waited within call—I approached her alone. She gazed with frantic wildness in my face—I never before beheld such a countenance. Her cheek had assumed a death-like paleness, and there was a settled glassy wildness in her eyes that mocks description.—‘ Eliza,’ said I, ‘ why did you leave your chamber ?’

“ She gave me a melancholy look ; and laying her hand on her bosom, exclaimed —‘ Poor, throbbing, bleeding heart ! See, see, my bosom bleeds ! Somerton, you have inflicted a wound that can never be healed !’

‘ Eliza,’ said I, ‘ do you not know me ?’

‘ Know you,’ she rejoined, ‘ yes, I knew you once—you are Innocence ; those were
happy

happy days when I knew you. No—stop—
you are some pitying seraph, sent by the
All-Gracious to minister consolation to my
despairing mind. Compassionate angel,
dost thou not know that my wounds resist
all cure? Listen to me, oh ye females—
listen to her who teaches by experience.
Look yonder! see there are clouds of
demons approaching—they point their ar-
rows at my bosom! Oh misery!—oh
despair!’

“She turned, and beheld the rising sun.
—‘Yes, glorious orb, thou shalt again dis-
pense thy vivifying rays over the creation,
and nature shall rejoice; but poor Eliza
shall weep, friendless, forsaken, neglected,
and undone.’

“I laid my hand gently on her shoulder,
she shrieked, flung her arms around my
neck, and fainted. She was conveyed home

apparently lifeless, but nature has not yet yielded. She awoke to life, but reason has abdicated her throne. Death is approaching with an hasty stride, to remove her to that silent mansion, 'where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.'—'Whatever is, is right,' says the poet; a truth to which reason and philosophy bid me assent, but feeling constantly says no.

"Why, my Amelia, did the God of Nature endow us with such exquisite feelings, to have them so constantly wounded? But I forbear to murmur. Our Creator, I am persuaded, will make us happy in some other existence. Yes, there must be an existence, where suffering virtue will receive the reward which it is denied here. How else can Infinite Wisdom be infinitely benevolent.—'Lean not on earth, 'twill pierce thee to the heart,' is the feeling admonition

admonition of the poet. „Do we not find it so ? Do we not find, by fatal experience, that

This is the state of man ;
To-day he puts forth the tender leaves of hope,
To-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him ;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost.

“ Oh, Amelia, all other calamities I could have borne with philosophic fortitude—but how can I resign my Eliza to the tomb ! How inhuman the traitor who could rob me of my only sister ! Why must it be so, Amelia ?

So the poor lamb, when wand'ring far away,
A tyger's unsuspecting easy prey,
In vain she bleats her agonizing cries,
He gapes her fast, and as he smiles she dies.
Why did not Heaven its loudest thunders roll,
And strike the mean barbarian to the soul.
Hold, hold my heart ! was it not Heaven's decree ?
Should Heav'n have chang'd its high awards for thee ?

“ Yes, Amelia, I ought to be resigned to the will of Providence. I will alienate, if possible, every terrestrial tie : I will not even wish for happiness on earth, but place all my hopes in that world, where we shall have ‘ beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness.’ ”

“ Adieu !—may you never feel the pangs which agitate the bosom of your

“ FARRIET.”

CHAP.

CHAP. XVIII.

Sinner, oh why so thoughtless grown
 Why in such dreadful haste to die ?
 Daring to leap to worlds unknown !
 I heedless against thy God to fly !
 Wilt thou despise eternal fate,
 Urg'd on by sin's fantastic dreams ?
 Madly attempt the infernal gate,
 And force thy passage to the flames ?
 Stay, sinner, stay———

ANGN

THE reception of this letter pierced anew
 the lacerated heart of Amelia, and removed
 the veil from Conrade's eyes, which hid
 the depravity of Somerton. He now saw
 the

the monster in his native hydra form—the deluder of unreflecting virtue—the betrayer of confiding innocence—the most consummate hypocrite, and a shocking example of the depravity of the human heart. This conviction came in its full force, but it came too late.

“Curse him! curse him!” exclaimed Conrade, “could he even ruin my lovely Eliza!”

While he held the letter in his hand, Lorenzo entered, with intelligence that Somerton had absconded in the night, that his estate was found to be in a most beggarly state of bankruptcy, and the innocent Melissa was left in worse than widowed indigence. Conrade snatched his pistol, and hastened to the door. Lorenzo caught his arm, and detained him.

“Ebbert is not gone,” he exclaimed, in
a tone

a tone bordering on distraction; "he was an accessory, and by Heaven, I'll murder him!"

Amelia shrieked and fainted. Lorenzo rang violently for assistance, and Conrade, dropping his pistol, exclaimed—"Oh God! I have murdered my Amelia!" and rushed out of the room. Involuntarily he approached the margin of the river, and was half-resolved, by one fatal plunge, to end all remembrance of the past and fear of the future. Then in a moment some unseen divinity seemed to arrest his mad career, and the thought of an eternal world made him fear to rush uncalled into the presence of his God.

“ What an awful transition,” he exclaimed, “ from what I once was to what I now am ! A few years since I was basking in the sunshine of bliss, and sipped the

sweet nectar of love. My heart shrank not from investigation, and I knew not a painful emotion. All around me was one gilded scene of innocent enjoyment. I was virtuous—I was happy. Oh, where am I—what am I now! Somerton, thou wicked one, thou hast lured me to perdition! To what a dreadful alternative am I driven! Live I cannot, and I dare not die—I dare not violate that sacred law that forbiddeth self-destruction! Yet, why should I hesitate? Can I sink lower than I am already in the abyss of guilt? Would to God that one fatal plunge could procure an *everlasting sleep*—but it cannot. The God who created me is able to continue my existence, even though I leap precipitately over the dreadful gulf that yawns between me and the eternal world! Shall I dare hope for mercy of Omniscience? No, I have sinned.

‘sinned beyond the depth of mercy—I am miserable, and I deserve to be so!’

In a moment his Amelia, his Alonzo, rushed across his mind, and the idea was as liquid flames to his soul. Vice had long repressed feeling; but the little spark of sensibility, which not even vice had been able totally to extinguish, was now enkindled to a blaze, and his heart was “tremblingly alive” to agonizing sensations. No reed of hope was left for him to grasp, no anchor could his soul find to rest on; every prospect was portrayed by the sombre pencil of despair. If he thought on life, he saw despair and misery his portion; if he contemplated death, ten thousand frantic fantasies floated before his disordered imagination. He looked around him; there was no person near. The sun was setting, and threw his last departing

ray upon the waters. Memory recalled to his view the scenes of felicity when, at this pleasing, pensive hour, he had wandered on the banks of the stream, and with placid satisfaction

Had seen the sunbeams sink in ocean's bed,
And watch'd the landscapes as they fade away,

and his feelings became insupportably agonizing.

“Thou glorious orb,” said he, addressing the departing luminary, “for the last time I gaze on thee! Thou art sinking beneath the wave; ere thou rise again, I shall sink never to rise—never to rise on earth! Thou shalt again illumine a *waking world*. Shall I too wake? Can the narrow boundary of an earthly existence limit the flight of an aspiring soul? I *shall wake*, but *where? how?* Oh, chaos of doubt! oh, vain

vain enquiry! However the pride of false philosophy and foolish scepticism, may cloud with doubts the sunshine of Revelation, I feel the solemn truth; yet do I not also feel that mercy is the darling attribute of Deity? The best of parents taught me that God is Love Omnic; they bade me call him Father, for he is the *Parent of all*. Away then, visions of terror! My emancipated spirit shall wing its trembling flight to the bright throne of Eternal Mercy!"

As he spoke the last words, he leapt into the stream. Nature struggled for a moment, and then released the trembling spirit from its earthly habitation.

Shall we draw aside the curtain of eternity? No; such an effort were presumption. The subject is involved in obscurity, yet the light of Revelation, beaming on
 K 6 the

the darkness of human reason, like the rays of the sun scattering the mists of the morning, teaches us that he who rushes, uncalled and unprepared, into the presence of his Creator, will "call upon the rocks and mountains to fall, and hide him from the majesty of an offended God." Yet there is one consoling reflection to soothe the sympathizing mind already depressed with tragic glooms; when with the eye of faith, we look up to "Him who is invisible," we see our Almighty Parent seated on a throne of mercy; and though suicide stands foremost in the black catalogue of crimes, forbidden by the law of God and man, yet we are assured that the Author of our existence is "able to save, even to the uttermost."

The compassionate reader who has followed the ill-starred Conrade through succeeding scenes of misery and guilt, will
drop

drop a tear of forgiveness over his tomb; and dare we suppose that our hearts are more disposed to forgiveness than the Fountain of all Goodness, the Source of all Benevolence?

Go ye, who sport your thousands, view in the sad fate of Anderson the certain consequences of dissipation; and “turn from the error of your ways to the wisdom of the just.”

CHAP. XIX.

But endless is the tribe of human ills.

YOUNG. —

LORENZO's attention to the fainting Amelia prevented an immediate pursuit of Conrade; he was discovered too late, and drawn lifeless from the water. Who can describe the anguish of Amelia? Let us draw over it the "Grecian painter's veil." The report flew with the rapidity of lightning, and Mr. Stanhope and George Anderson were soon the spectators of a scene
of

of distress that might have extorted a tear even from the eve of apathy. The compassionate Herbert too, though he seldom left the bedside of his dying daughter, could not forbear to sympathize with the sufferers, and drop a tear over the lifeless form, which was once animated with a philanthropic heart.

• The report of Anderson's misconduct had reached the grateful Williamson; and he resolved to make at least one effort to draw his wandering footsteps back to the paths of peace. His wife and their little Theodora became the companions of the philanthropic journey; just at this momentous crisis they arrived, and the melancholy catastrophe harrowed up recollections which had long slept in the bosom of Williamson. A jury of inquest was called, who gave a verdict of insanity. Meanwhile the friends

friends of Amelia were aiding her with fortitude to sustain the last painful trial, the hour of his interment. The hour arrived, and Anderson was consigned to his long home — Peace to his spirit!

The work of retribution was already commencing. Evander was seized with a violent illness, which in a very few days precluded all hope of recovery. He had now leisure to reflect on the wide ruin he had wrought, and even his adamant heart was stung with remorse; he confessed himself the seducer of Celestia—the murderer of Williamson's hope of happiness. Williamson could forgive; but to forget was impossible. To discover the seducer of his daughter, opened afresh the wounds which time had but slightly cicatrized.

Evander had alone amassed a fortune, which he now bequeathed jointly to Theodora

CONRADE.

dora and Alonzo. After this expiatory act, he earnestly begged to be permitted once to embrace his child.

Theodora had now attained her eleventh year ; and to a finished form, and beautiful countenance, was added an uncommon share of mental graces. Williamson had made her education his principal study. She was already acquainted with polite literature, a tolerable proficient in music and drawing ; and her young heart glowed with generous feeling. Pity was a nurseling she had fostered in her bosom ; and when she was led to the bedside of her dying parent, the tear of filial tenderness moistened her azure eye.

Evander pressed her hand to his lips, and watered it with the tears of contrition.—
“Oh my God !” he exclaimed, “ I might have been perfectly blest—I might have called
Celestia

Celestia my own, and clasped to my bosom as sweet a cherub as ever blest a father's arms !”

The kind-hearted Williamson, in whose bosom pity had assumed the place of anger endeavoured in vain to console him. The hope of immortality he had resigned for the pride of atheism ; and his favourite tenet of annihilation, or eternal sleep, fled at the approach of death. He could only look forward to eternity, as a boundless abyss of darkness and despair, without one cheering ray of hope to sooth his despairing mind. Thus he lingered a few days, and then, without a hope, expired.

Sympathizing reader, if thy heart be still open to other scenes of misery, let us follow the afflicted Herbert back from Conrade's tomb, to the sick-bed of the poor maniac, Eliza. The unfortunate girl lingered

gered

gered a few days in interesting insanity and then "sweetly languished into life." Her unhappy parent could not long survive her, and the truly amiable Harriet was an orphan.

Harriet possessed a mind superior to misfortune. Deeply as she regretted, and feelingly as she lamented the past, there was still consolation in the present, and hope for the future. Deeply impressed with the feeble tenure of earthly happiness, and fully persuaded that "all things" would finally "work together for good," she bore her sorrows with a fortitude which would have honoured a philosopher.

Mild resignation, wiser than despair,
Subdued the sigh, and check'd the fruitless tear.

Lorenzo and Harriet had alone escaped the snare, and when their griefs had melted,

'lowe' into that pleasing pensiveness, which
 a feeling heart never wishes to resign, they
 joined their hands at the shrine of Hy-
 men, and as they had both witnessed the
 fleeting nature of earthly enjoyment, they
 were neither elated with the smiles, nor de-
 pressed with the frowns of fortune. They
 had both witnessed enough of the fatal
 consequences of dissipation, to wean their
 hearts from the love of youthful pleasure.
 The remembrance of Anderson and Eliza
 was as a talisman to guard them in the path
 of virtue. Among the mourners for Eliza,
 George was not the least conspicuous. He
 had looked forward with pleasing hope to
 the day when he might call her his own,
 and his heart suffered severely from disap-
 pointed expectations. Williamson, how-
 ever, taught him resignation by his exam-
 ple, and directed him to bow with submis-
 sion

sion to the will of Heaven. Amelia retired with her father to M——, where the education of Alonzo was her chief resource, when memory recalled the sad scenes she had witnessed. Somerton still lives, a despised vagabond. The irregularities of his youth have rendered him the prey of disease. He is separated from his wife, and drags out a miserable existence in friendless penury; suffering continually that worst of all punishments—the stings of a guilty conscience.

Ye gamblers!—receive instruction, and learn that the love of gaming may even eradicate the love of virtue from the human breast. Oh! ye youth—ye who are just entering into life; ye who are unsophisticated by fashion; fly from the company of the gambler. Behold the ruins of innocence, and fly from certain destruction;

for their feet run to evil; they lurk privily
for the innocent. Walk not in the way
with them; refrain from their paths, for
their house leadeth unto death !”

F I N I S.



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